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LITERATURE.

NOTES FOR A LECTURE ON FRENCH POETRY.

By L. T. Ventouillac.

As, in the individuals of every nation, we find some characteristic trait by which each may be distinguished from the others, so in their literature, but particularly their poetry, (which, as being more immediately the expression of man's feelings and sentiments, may, in some measure, be said to be as it were a part of man,)—in poetry, we find the national feature, if I may so speak, more strongly and decidedly marked than it is in any other branch of literature. It is not therefore, too much to say, that if it were possible to translate with equal success the works of the poets of all nations into one common language, though they would thus assume in some measure the same appearance, still it would be easy to distinguish the poets of antiquity from those of modern times; and among the latter, the Spanish from the Italian, the Italian from the English, and the English from the French poet.

But, that I may not be carried away by the vast extent of my subject, let me limit my endeavours to pointing out the peculiar character of French and of English poetry. To do so, then, may I be allowed to suggest my own opinion, which, if correct, will in two words point out the excellence and the defects of each; viz., that there is in the English poet an *excess*, and in the French a *want* of imagination; that the former is the true representative of nature, but of nature sometimes in her wildest moods; the latter, the elegant votary of art, but so *closely* adhering to art as sometimes to lose sight of nature, and too frequently appearing to forget the principle of Horace, that the true purpose of art is to conceal art:

'*Artis est celare artem.*'

This extreme luxuriance on the one side, and excessive correctness on the other, while it has been allowed by the critics of both nations, has caused both to fall into a singular error. The French, because the English poets have sometimes departed from the rules of good taste, have supposed that *taste* never could enter in the composition of an English poem; while English critics, on the other side, because they did not find in most of the French poets that warmth of imagination, and depth of feeling, which abound in their own, have considered the name of a French poet to be synonymous with frigidity. I believe I need not point out the absurdity, as well as injustice, of such an opinion.

'Time, the corrector where our judgments err,' has done much to rectify these opinions. The coarse terms in which Voltaire spoke of the sublime, though irregular genius of Shakspeare, are allowed by the French themselves to be equally unworthy of him as a critic and a man of genius; and you will probably smile with me at the manner in which Lady Morgan, in her work on France, was pleased to assert that no one but a Frenchman could admire Racine. Had her ladyship exercised her judgment instead of her wit, she would have remembered that, if it is true that none but a Frenchman can admire, because none but a Frenchman can appreciate Racine, it is equally true that no one but an Englishman can admire and appreciate Shakspeare; and she would thus have discovered, (what probably her nationality prevented her from perceiving,)

that when an author of acknowledged merit is not admired, it is generally because he is not understood; and that the want of admiration may arise, not from a lack of merit on the part of the writer, but from a want of taste, of judgment, or of capability, on the part of the reader.

From what I have already said, you will probably suppose that I appear before you as the champion of French poetry; and I confess that I am somewhat desirous to do so, considering, as I do, that justice has not been done in this country to the poets of France. That the task is a difficult one, I am well aware, but I ground my hopes of success less upon confidence in my own feeble efforts, than on your indulgence and your sense of justice.

It is only in the 13th century that France may be said to have had a language peculiarly her own, and the *langue d'oc* was spoken in the southern, and the *langue d'oïl* in the northern part of France, till, at the period I have just mentioned, the latter predominated; and from hence sprung the French language, now so generally spoken as to have become almost the language of Europe.

The Normans were the first who introduced literature into France, and hence the degree of resemblance which exists between our earliest poets and your own, who at the time of the Norman conquest, received also from the Normans the first germs of romantic poetry.

The first of our poets were the *Troubadours*, to whom we are indebted for the introduction of rhyme, which they either invented, or as is more probable, borrowed from the Moors of Spain; for rhyme is known to have been from the earliest period peculiar to the poetry of the Arabs. The Troubadours were so much regarded by men and admired by women, that their art obtained the highest repute, and kings themselves have been known to mingle among these wandering poets, and sing with them the charms of love and the praise of beauty. Soon, however, the race of the Troubadours degenerated through excess of indulgence, and altogether ceased to exist in the 14th century. To them succeeded the poets who wrote in what is now called *la langue de romance*, a mixture of the Latin and of the Celtic dialect.

The spirit of chivalry which then arose, gave a new character to poetry, which with the Troubadours had till then been only the language of love. But, although the French language began already to be much studied in Europe, there did not then exist a poet whose name or works are worthy of being mentioned to you.

The first French poet who distinguished himself, and whose works are still read, is Marot, who lived under the reign of Francis I., and was contemporary with your poet, Spencer. To him is due the praise of having improved the language of his country; but the chief fault of his poetry is its prettiness. Marot was a courtier in every sense of the word; and his poetry, like his character, wanted strength.

At about this period, lived in France a woman who, although not a native, ought to be ranked among French poets, since some of the earliest poems on record in our language were composed by her—I mean the beautiful and unfortunate Mary Stuart. We give the following specimen of her poetry:

Adieu de Marie Stuart.

Adieu, plaisant pays de France
O ma patrie la plus chérie,
Qui a nourri ma jeune enfance!
Adieu France, adieu mes beaux jours;
La Nef qui déjoit nos amours
N'a cy de moi que la moitié;
Une part te reste elle est tienne
Je la fie a ton amitié

Pour que de l'autre il te souvienne.

This delightful little poem has been thus translated:

Delightful France—I bid thee now farewell,
To my heart dearer than my tongue can tell.
Scene of my early youth and infant plays,
Dear France, farewell—farewell my happy days!
The bark that bears me from thy cherish'd shore,
Divides our loves, but it can do no more;
One half my soul still fondly lingers there,
And I confide it to thy tender care.

The other, formed to memory, dwells with me,
And dedicates itself to thoughts of thee.

To Marot succeeded Malherbe, and to him may, in a great measure, be attributed the peculiar character of French poetry,—its extreme correctness, correctness too frequently acquired at the expense of originality.

Marot had only composed the lighter kind of poetry; Malherbe was the first French poet who sought a nobler path; and it was he who created among us lyrical poetry. But Malherbe, excellent as he was, (particularly for the time in which he lived,) would have been greater still, had he not cramped his own genius by fettering it with rules so rigid as to be almost absurd. To him Pindar, and even Horace, appeared careless and incorrect writers: but while he attempted to become a more precise, he proved a less original writer.

Contemporary with Malherbe, lived Chénier, whose satires were much esteemed till they were eclipsed by the more finished performances of Boileau. Regnier seems to have taken for his model Juvenal rather than Horace, although he has neither the delicate irony of the latter, nor the caustic severity of the former.

From the time of Malherbe and of Regnier, to the reign of Louis XIII., no poet of any eminence appeared. Of Corneille, the celebrated dramatic writer, I need not speak, as I made some remarks on his works when I had the pleasure of addressing you on the subject of French tragedy, nor will it be necessary, for the same reason, to speak of Molière.

During the minority of Louis XIII., the Literature of France continued to resemble that of Italy, till Richelieu gave it a stronger impulse. As he professed to encourage talent, men of genius assembled around him.

One act of Richelieu is deserving of our particular notice, as having had a great influence on French Literature, and having tended to give it a decided character,—namely, establishing the French Academy. That the existence of such an institution greatly contributed to make our language more pure, must be owned; but it must be owned, also, that it must have had an equal influence in making our writers less original, and, therefore, less powerful. The French Academy was considered, as it were, the censor of literary productions; being established and supported by Government, it was also the medium of patronage; so that all who either relied upon their literary labours as a means of subsistence, or hoped to gain admiration by their genius, must first court the approbation of this learned and fastidious

body. Thus men wrote, not to instruct, but to please; and literature was no longer the pure and living stream in which the sons of genius poured out spontaneously their free-born thoughts, but it became the channel through which the vain hoped to gain praise, and the needy to obtain a maintenance.

Of this you will be more fully convinced, if you compare, for instance, the situation of Racine, one of the greatest men that France ever produced, dying of a broken heart because his king had frowned on him, to that of Shakspeare, heedless, even at the court of Elizabeth, as to what might be thought of his poetry, but pouring it out from the fulness of his soul; if you compare the situation of Voltaire, employed at the court of Prussia, in correcting the miserable verses of Frederic, to that of poor Burns, alone, labouring under the severest of afflictions, with blasted fortunes and blighted affections, but amidst all remaining still the poet and the man; and ever and anon tuning his lyre, not to praise the great or to court fortune, but to relieve his own heart by the sweetest compositions, by such exquisite verses as those addressed 'To Mary in Heaven,' and which, alone, would be sufficient to render his name immortal.

Of all the poets that adorned the reign of Louis XIV., Racine and Boileau are considered the two greatest.

Of Boileau I spoke at some length in a former lecture, and it may now be sufficient to observe, that as his poems are the most finished in our language, few are better calculated to improve the student.

Of Racine I also have already spoken, but I did so only as of a dramatic writer; besides tragedies, however, Racine has written several poems, which do equal credit to his head and heart; and among these, none, perhaps, excels that in which he describes the struggle between the good and the evil propensities of man.

Another celebrated writer of the same period, is the artless, but imitable, La Fontaine. The 'Fables' are the only compositions of La Fontaine which I would recommend; but in those, he certainly is beyond all praise, and appears, if I may so speak, to have caught nature upon the fact.

Though Louis XIV. had ostensibly been the patron of literary men, there was, towards the latter end of his reign, a disposition to pay but little regard to his will or his opinions. This spirit of independence from the court became still more evident during the reign of Louis XV., a monarch so totally lost to the sense of all that was good or noble, that neither literary nor scientific men could hope for any encouragement at his hands. The Académie, it is true, still existed; but to enter within its walls, it was necessary to pass through the *boudoir* of Madame Pompadour; and the shameless mistress of a debauched monarch was the divinity at whose shrine literary men were then content to bring the offspring of their genius. During the reign of Louis XIV., although he was, himself, a man of very questionable principles, he at least assumed the virtue he had not, and thus encouraged in others what it were in vain to look for in him. Thus, however awful to Louis himself his hypocrisy may have proved, it was at least favourable to his people; since, to the encouragement he thought it right to give to moral writers, we owe, in some measure, the correct writings of Boileau, the religious poetry of Racine, and, in another department of literature, the eloquent and moral-inspiring pages of a Bourdaloue and a Fenelon, a Bossuet and a Massillon.

In the following reign, however, licentiousness was not only tolerated, but encouraged; and hence that crowd of impure writers, whose works have affixed an indelible stigma on French literature.

Among those who availed themselves of this unhappy opportunity to vitiate the public mind,

it is painful to be obliged to mention the name of one of the greatest men that France, or perhaps any country, ever produced, I mean Voltaire. But the consideration of the works of this writer, and of the later French poets, we are obliged to reserve for another occasion.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

KINSEY'S PORTUGAL.

Portugal Illustrated; in a Series of Letters. By the Rev. W. M. Kinsey, B.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Auckland. Embellished with a Map, Plates of Coins, Vignettes, and various Engravings of Costumes, Landscape Scenery, &c. 8vo. Treuttl, Würtz, and Richter. London, 1828.

Few books of the present day have had a more attractive or imposing appearance than the work of Mr. Kinsey. Full of engravings and coloured pictures of costume; and still fuller of quotations from Shakspeare and Byron, the admirers of handsome books, and the general reader, will receive it as one of the fairest literary offerings of the present season. It is not, however, altogether on these, its lighter merits, that 'Portugal Illustrated' must be considered as depending for its attractiveness; and there are other readers, beside the lighter class, who will peruse its contents with interest. This is not the first work of continental travellers which have appeared at a time when the scenes it is intended to describe have received a particular interest from the circumstance of the times; and when the information which the traveller brings home is valued for its relation to the exciting consideration of public events. Mr. Kinsey's work is not in itself a work of discussion, or pretending to a higher character than that of an illustrative tour; nor does it bring its information down to the present period of Portuguese trial and suffering. But it is well calculated to afford that kind of information which is precisely adapted to the actual wants of the greater number of readers. It gives distinct and very admirable descriptions of Portuguese scenery; not of its landscapes merely, but of that which is more interesting,—that which is formed by the grouping of objects met in every-day life,—by the peopling of the homes of Portugal with their proper inhabitants. There is, consequently, scarcely a prejudice existing against this people which will not be materially softened on the reading of Mr. Kinsey's work, or a sympathy with them in their struggles and oppression which will not be heightened. This was, in fact, the great object of the traveller, both in visiting the country and in publishing his tour. That he had many difficulties to encounter in collecting the information he has given his readers, we can easily believe; and we give him, therefore, additional credit for the result of his labours. The work commences, in the second letter, with a succinct history of Portugal. To this are added a statistical account of its different provinces,—a view of the commerce and arts, and of the religious and literary condition of the nation. A great part of this information is judiciously drawn from the best known writers on Portugal,—from Dumourier, Balbi, Southey, Colonel Jones, and others; and forms a very valuable portion of the work. We shall now proceed to give some extracts from this entertaining and useful publication; the first gives some idea of the different classes of Portuguese character:

'How the Portuguese ladies pass their time within doors, except when listlessly gazing from the well-cushioned balcony, it is difficult to conceive; for decidedly, the cultivation of their minds, beyond some little trumpery accomplishments, forms a very small part of their daily employment. With all their beauty, they still want the dignity and the force of character that mark a highly-educated and intellectual female in England. They may have vivacity of eye, but certainly not the spiritual elevation, the mental energy, and the chaste gaiety, which distinguish the higher class of females in our own country. In all respects, as to

themselves, their personal obligations, feelings, and attractions, they are, as upon first sight one has found them, in very rude terms, mere women.

'And what, you will demand, of these said lords of the creation at Lisbon?—Why the fact is, that if the English gentleman who once received from a stranger in London a gold snuff-box, in acknowledgment of his greater nasal pretensions, which he was to transfer to the honour of any proboscis more red, ugly, and extensive than his own, that he might casually chance to meet, had come off straightway to Lisbon, the said box he must in justice have resigned upon the first step of the abominable packet-stairs! Nature seems to have done her worst here for the men in the better classes in life; and to talk of the 'human face divine' in Lisbon would be a libel upon the dispensations of Providence. The Jews and the Indians must surely have intermixed with the Portuguese gentry in marriages, and thus have transfused into Lusitanian physiognomy the strength of their own peculiar features, which are thus seen in unpleasant conjunction. The Moors appear to have left in Portugal but few memorials or traces of their own characteristic brilliancy of visage to relieve the ugliness, which seems to be, in an imminent degree, the unrivalled property of the modern male inhabitants of Olyssipolis, or the public Portuguese face, it is to be presumed, would have been more agreeable.

'Now, of all animals in creation, the Lisbon dandy, or fashionable Lusitanian swell, is by far the lowest in the scale of mere existence. I have been haunted in my dreams by visions of ugliness since the first time I beheld a small, squat, puffy figure,—what was it? could it be of a man?—incased within a large pack-saddle, upon the back of a lean, high-boned, straw-fed, cream-coloured nag, with an enormously flowing tail, whose length and breadth would appear to be each night guarded from discoloration by careful involution above the locks. Taken, from his gridiron spurs and long-pointed boots, up his broad blue-striped pantaloons, à la cosaque, to the three-folded piece of white linen on which he is seated in cool repose; thence by his cable chain, bearing seals as large as a warming-pan, and a key like an anchor; then a little higher, to the figured waistcoat of early British manufacture, and the sack-shaped coat, up to the narrow-brim sugar-loaf hat on his head,—where can be found his equal? Nor does he want a nose, as big as the gnomon of a dial-plate; and two flanks of impenetrably deep black brushwood, extending under either ear, and almost concealing the countenance, to complete the singular contour of his features.

'The lower classes are infinitely superior in dignity of appearance, and in manly beauty, to those of the higher order. For instance, turn round and look at that finely formed, athletic, patient, and hard-working water-carrier, with his barrel of many devices upon his shoulder; how nobly and gracefully does the honest mountaineer trip along under his burden! Though only half clothed, he has more about him of the dignity of human nature, much as he is unjustly despised, than all the classes of those who deal out to him no treatment but contumely and contempt. By the hard sweat of his brow he is enabled, though with difficulty, to earn about sixpence a day, the moiety of which serves to procure him his bread, his fried sardines from a neighbouring cook's stall, and a little light wine, perhaps, on holidays,—water being his general beverage,—nay, one might almost say, his element. A mat in a large upper room, shared between him and several brethren of the same avocation, serves him in winter as a place of repose for the night; but during the summer he frequently sleeps out in the open air, making his filled water-barrel his pillow, ready in an instant to start, in case of fire, at the call of the captain of his gang, and to perform the only public duty exacted from him. His savings are sufficient to enable him, in the course of some fifteen years, to return to the dear mountains of his own native Galicia, and to purchase a little plot of cultivable ground, upon which he erects a small cottage, then marries, and at the proper age sends forth his children to follow, in the Portuguese towns, the same path of industry and frugality of which he has set them the virtuous example, and which have procured him the independence and the comforts of a home.

'No Portuguese will condescend to carry a burden; for which they deem the beasts alone to be destined, and not the erect form of man. There is a notion, according to some publication about Portuguese habits, the name of which does not occur, which prevails throughout the country, that the reason why the Portuguese, when they do submit to bear burdens, carry them not upon their backs, but upon their heads, is,

that that part of the human body which is never to be seen by an enemy, is not to be degraded by any base service or oppression!

The Gallegos are indeed the most useful class of people in Lisbon; and though it may suit native pride and villainy sometimes to impute to the parsimonious mountaineer the commission of crimes, poisoning, and assassination, with the utmost injustice, as in England, if a murder is perpetrated, it is frequently attributed to the hand of an Irishman; yet he is frequently employed by the merchants in situations of confidence, and, as office-porter, is very often intrusted with property to a considerable amount; and hardly an instance has ever occurred of a Gallego proving unfaithful to his trust.

A short time since, to cite only one instance out of the many proofs which have come to our knowledge of Galician honesty, a gang of these Spanish porters was engaged, near the Exchange in Lisbon, to carry some heavy boxes of dollars to a distant part of the city, when one of them, not so strong and active as the others, suddenly found himself alone, the others having gone forward out of sight. In this dilemma, the Gallego betook himself directly to the police office, not knowing the proper destination of his burden, and there awaited the hue and cry which he foresaw would be made after him, when he should be found by his employer to be missing. He had been there an hour, when a messenger, out of breath, came to instruct the police of a Gallego's having disappeared with a large quantity of silver; upon which the honest fellow presented himself to the magistrate with the box unopened, declaring that he had determined upon coming with the dollars to the office, when he found that his companions had outstripped him, foreseeing that he would soon have there the opportunity of restoring it to its lawful owner.

If there is any one class of people in Lisbon more peculiarly entitled to one's contempt, it most certainly is that of the fidalghos, or nobility; of whom, with the exception of such families as the Cadavalas, Marialvas, and Quintellas, and some few others, who would be an ornament to the aristocracy of any country, it may be said, though in a different sense from that in which it is usually received, 'Nobilitas est unica virtus.' Destitute of education, as of virtuous principles, their whole lives are devoted to profligacy and immorality of every kind. Their pride, their prejudices, ignorance, extravagance, poverty, and fawning habits in a miserable court, have brought them into the most disgraceful state of moral degradation. Maintaining large retinues, and keeping up large establishments of servants, who are fed upon rice and bacalhao (salt fish), by far the greater part of the Portuguese nobles drag on an ignominious existence, without scarcely possessing the means of purchasing for themselves the luxuries of life. Since the introduction of the constitutional system, the independent shopkeepers of Lisbon can scarcely be ever induced to give credit to this haughty class of titled beggars; and even medical practitioners are shy in attending their summons, since fine words without fees would be their certain remuneration.

Equally agreeable is the following extract, though of a different kind. We should have gladly transcribed the very interesting account of the unfortunate Inez de Castro, which preceded it, but it would have made the quotation too long for our purpose. We may observe, in passing, that the talented author of 'Gomez Arias' is preparing a romance on this interesting portion of history:

Leaving Coimbra, we followed the course of the Mondego, on our way to Figueira, for about four leagues to Monte Mor o Velho, (so called to distinguish it from Monte Mor o Novo de las Manzanas, situated about two leagues and a half from Evora, in the province of Alentejo,) by Alcida and Rio Fria, traversing the vast plain called the Campo do Mondego. The road runs on the right bank of the river on a causeway elevated a few feet above it, and which in winter is generally impassable, being covered, as well as the greater part of the surrounding country, by the overflowing torrent of the Mondego. This plain is cultivated with maize, pobras, beans, and other vegetables, and extends twenty-eight miles in length in the direction of Figueira, and upon an average may be nearly one mile and a half in breadth from the banks of the river to the range of high grounds which bound it to the north-north-west. Small huts composed of branches are erected here and there, in which the farmer watches his crops, and frequently for nights together accompanied by his whole family. Water for the vege-

tables is procured by wheels of simple construction from pits opened expressly for the purpose, and into which the river percolates through the gravelly or stony soil. Corn forms the wealth of this part of the country. In the plain few fixed habitations are seen; but on the left bank of the Mondego there are numerous towns, and that district appears to be very populous.

The annual inundations of the Mondego during the winter season, like the periodical overflow of the Nile, fertilize and enrich this widely-extended plain. At that time, we are told that immense quantities of wild-fowl congregate here, and are easily taken, the water spread over the soil never exceeding the depth of four or five feet at the utmost. A small boat with two men, and one gun, which turns upon a swivel, are employed in their capture, much in the same way as upon the Southampton water, described with so much sportsmanlike skill and experience by Colonel Hawker. Lampreys, savelis, which is a sort of snail, and other fresh-water fish, afford an abundant supply of nutritious food to the inhabitants of the district bordering upon the Campo. The first floors of the houses in Monte Mor o Velho are frequently covered with water in the winter months. On the north-east bank of the Mondego there are immense herds of a small breed of cattle, which pass the autumn and early part of the winter here, feeding on the scanty herbage left by the farmer's sickle. Their instinctive intelligence in escaping the velocity of the currents, and fording over the more shallow parts to some pasturage on an elevated and perhaps insulated spot, where they await the subsiding of the waters, is represented as something very extraordinary. Pasturage towards the end of the summer is deficient in the higher districts, which are contiguous, and then their inhabitants, that is, after the maize has been reaped off the ground, have a general common right, by long prescription, to send their herds down for the sake of pasture into the plain of the Mondego until the commencement of the following spring, each beast being marked with its owner's name. Horses, mares, and foals, are likewise turned out on the plain at the same period. Guards appointed by common consent are left to watch over the safety of these herds of cattle during the prevalence of floods, and to rescue them, should any irruption of the waters take place, and for this purpose boats are kept in constant readiness. At the beginning of spring, when the inundations have altogether receded, and the farmer is preparing to resume his labours, and to get the soil into a fit state to receive the seed, a general assemblage of the owners of the animals takes place, and with the aid of the guardians, a separation of them is made according to their marks, and they are conducted back to the scanty pastures of the hill country until the ensuing autumn.

On our arrival near Monte Mor, another proof was afforded us of the innate kindness and politeness of the Portuguese. A Padre journeying down to Figueira for the benefit of sea-bathing, had entered into conversation with us on the road, and having preceded us half-an-hour, late in the evening, when the new moon was about to set, and the stars were shedding but a dim uncertain light, fearing some accident might happen to us, awaited our arrival near the branches of the Mondego, four of which we had to cross to reach the town of Monte Mor. Our guides were not acquainted with the fords, and the usual road had been broken up, and was consequently impassable. We should have been placed in considerable peril, had it not been for the friendly watchfulness of the good Padre, who conducted us safely to our Estalagem. As it was, we found it no very pleasant termination to a hot ride to plunge our mules into the water girth-deep, between nine and ten. These animals could with difficulty be persuaded, by whip and spur, that our honest intentions were not to pass the night in company with the water-nymphs inhabiting these parts of the Mondego. Monte Mor was quite awakened out of its sleep by the concert of music kept up between our fregatas, which united in expressing their loud but inharmonious approbation upon gaining terra firma.

The Estalagem at Monte Mor offers no comforts to the traveller in return for having hazarded his life across the waters to reach it. In the midst of every misery and deficiency, when we had scarcely stretched ourselves in our cloaks on the boards, a party of young men, returning from some private dramatic performance, came under our windows, and not finding immediate admission into the house, filled up the interval by re-acting, *ore tutando*, some of the noisier scenes in their evening's entertainment. When at length received within the walls, the party rushed up stairs, and performed the tragic part of tumbling over the recumbent travellers into their own closets; and it was some time before we could persuade these troublesome actors

in real life, that they had already strutted and fretted more than the extent of their hour.

The Moorish castle at Monte Mor, now a splendid pile of ruins, and a very interesting specimen of Moorish architecture, is the property of the municipality of the town. Like the palace at Coimbra, it is proudly seated on an insulated and elevated height, overlooking the Campo do Mondego. The best view of these extensive remains is obtained upon the south-west side, in passing from the modern town to reach the causeway leading on to the Figueira road, which we found bad, dull, and uninteresting. In the hedges we observed aloes in blossom, the cactus opuntia, pomegranates, arbutus, laurustinus, olive plants, luxuriant vines, gum-cistus, and umbrageous cork trees.

The Bernardine and Cruzos monks, who were living in the old town of Montimer at the time it was besieged by the Moors, sallied forth with the utmost secrecy during the night, by a circuitous route, under the conduct of the Abade Joao, leaving behind them those inhabitants, old men and male children, who were incapable of bearing arms, and their fires still burning in order to deceive their assailants; having, however, first cut the throats of their females, in order that they might not be exposed to the brutal lust of the Moors. Coming unexpectedly upon the intrenchments of their enemies, they soon threw them into confusion; and the Moors, from not being able to distinguish friend from foe, committed the greater slaughter upon the men of their own body. The Abade having nearly demolished the foe, returned in triumph to the town, and, of course, found all the women and female children alive, with only red marks round their throats, where the knife had executed its office in occasioning a slight separation between their unhappy heads and bodies. Thenceforth feudal rights, honours, dignities, and territorial emoluments, fell to the share of these monastic warriors; and now their descendants plunder and oppress the posterity of those whom their predecessors had delivered from the less galling yoke of the Moors.

The following will give a good idea of the magnificence of the churches and religious establishments of Portugal. It is part of a description of Alcobaca, and its collegiate establishment:

A grand flight of steps leads from the west side of the south transept to the collegiate part of the building, or what were once the apartments of the novices; but the school and dormitories exist no more, having been burnt and destroyed by the French, and what now remains is in a state of utter ruin and desolation. In the choir the fathers drew our attention to a beautifully illuminated missal, the border being composed of fruits and flowers, the colours and the gilding of which are in a fine state of preservation. The squares of the initial letters are enriched with a variety of subjects. It was executed at Coimbra by direction of the general of the order, so recently, we were informed, as 1755. The large missal, containing the services in celebration of the first martyrs, and commencing with the death of Stephen, is still superior to the other in richness and delicacy of execution.

The chapter-room, which opens into the cloisters, is not to be compared with that which so strongly challenged our admiration at Batalha. The number of the monks is at present reduced to fifty. Their dead are buried in the cloisters, in their habits only; and we remarked that many of the grave-stones recorded singly the dates of ten or twelve interments, with merely the initials of the names of the deceased.

The square garden in the centre of the cloisters is planted with cypresses, orange trees, and a variety of beautiful shrubs, and contains the fountain which supplies water to the lavatoire immediately in front of the refectory. The brazen caldron taken from the Spaniards is still preserved, with great care, on the south side, with the following lines affixed, which record its history, and declare the value set upon its possession:

Hic est ille lebes, toto cantatus in orbe,
Quem Lusitani duro gens aspera bello,
De Castellani spoliis memorabile castris
Eripuerunt; cibus hic olim coxerat hostis,
At nunc est nostri testis sine fine triumphus.

At the western extremity of the cloisters, large folding-doors open into a plain though fine state apartment, called the Chamber of the Kings, statues of whom are placed on consoles round the room; and on a pedestal, over a raised platform, is a representation of Alphonso Henriquez, the founder of the monastery, receiving the crown of Portugal from the Pope and St. Bernard. The history of the "miraculous" foundation of the building is described upon coloured tiles, which cover its surface. Over the refectory door is inscribed on a tablet of stone, "Respicite, quia peccata

populi comeditis." According to Murphey this dining apartment "is ninety-two feet long by sixty-eight broad; the breadth is divided into three porticos by two series of stone columns. The tables are placed next the two side and end walls. At the extreme end, where the prior takes his seat, are two large pictures; the one representing the last supper, the other Christ and the two disciples at Emmaus." There is a large picture on the inside, over the entrance door, of St. Bernard giving away alms to the poor; and on the north side of the hall, an elevated pulpit, from which, on meat days, the life of the saint, whose invocation is observed, is read aloud during the continuance of the meal.

"The high table is occupied by the general of the order and the prior of the convent alone, their messes being placed at a considerable distance from each other. The name of the present general is Anthony Tordella; that of prior, Hippolyte da Cunha. Upon the death of a brother, a white cross on a piece of black cloth, with a statement of his name and the date of his decease, is affixed for the space of one month to the table-cloth in front of the seat which he was accustomed to occupy, and during that time the whole of one person's daily allowance of food is distributed among the poor. The large piece of wood which was formerly struck against the doors of the cells to announce the departure of a brother's soul, is still preserved in the cloisters.

"The north-west wing of the monastery is set apart for the reception of strangers; hence it is called the hospitium, or hospedarío. The whole extent, which is 230 feet, is distributed into stately and convenient apartments." This part of the monastery was also burnt by the French, and is at present covered with a temporary roof, and divided into rooms for the accommodation of visitors by thin partitions of wood; by far the greater portion, however, remains the mere wreck of its former magnificence. The sleeping-rooms have no ceilings. Still the hospitality of the brotherhood, with their dilapidated building, diminished revenues, and the burden of heavy exactions, is as warm, liberal, and generous as at the best days of their ancient wealth and splendour.

"Their domains were formerly of very considerable extent. "At the moment the royal founder vowed to build the monastery, he endowed it with all the land and sea that can be seen from the summit of a neighbouring mountain, which commands a wide horizon. The abbot-general presides over the society as chief, and has no spiritual superior in the kingdom." In addition to these privileges, he possesses episcopal dignity; that of being Esuoler Mór, or grand almoner to the king; and, as is added by Murphy, "is the chief of all the monasteries and nunneries of the Bernardine order in Portugal.

"However curtailed their property may be at present, these monks, who never appear in public except on mules or in carriages, seem still to have every thing within their own power; in the convent, spacious cloisters and long corridors, so essentially useful in a hot climate for the enjoyment of exercise as well as for religious meditation; an extensive right of fishery on the coast; a large rabbit warren attached to the building; fine productive gardens and orchards; capital pastures, vineyards, and olive plantations; mills for grinding their own corn; and a large range of stabling for their numerous mules and cattle. An apothecary resides in the house, and is paid by the fraternity, who give medicines gratis to the poor sick of the neighbourhood, in addition to many other charities. The cellar is a noble vaulted apartment, and contains some enormously large tuns, which are said to hold nearly seven hundred pipes of wine. The manufactories of cambric and fine linen established here by Pombal no longer exist.

"The kitchen," according to Murphy, "is near an hundred feet long by twenty-two broad, and sixty-three feet high from the floor to the intrados of the vault. The fire-place is twenty-eight feet long by eleven broad, and is placed, not in the wall, but in the centre of the floor; so that there is access to it at every side. The chimney forms a pyramid resting upon eight columns of cast-iron. A subterranean stream of water passes through the centre of the floor, which is occasionally made to overflow the pavement in order to cleanse it. The operations in it are carried on under the inspection of one of the lay-brothers." A great deal too much oil is used in the preparation of their dishes to suit the fastidious delicacy of an English traveller.

"The library is a beautiful room, of modern construction, and overlooks the garden. Considerable

taste is displayed in its decorations and in the arrangement of the books. A light open gallery runs along its two sides above the lower tier of windows. Its length may be about two hundred and twenty palms, and, including the two cabinets at either extremity, two hundred and ninety-six; its breadth is said to be fifty-five palms and a half, and the height thirty-eight. The length of the library at Mafra is three hundred and eighty-one palms, and its breadth only forty-three; therefore it exceeds that of Alcobaça in its length one hundred and sixty-one palms, and is inferior to it in breadth by twelve. The books are confided to the care of a very intelligent person, from whom we experienced great civility and attention. The collection is modern and respectable, but a great number of the volumes, they tell us, have never found their way back to the shelves from the safe custody of those persons to whom they were intrusted during the occupation of the country by the French. In the centre of the ceiling is a very tolerable representation of St. Bernard, in an oval frame, seated at a table with a pen in his hand, and occupied in profound thought. The key of the manuscript room, which is said to be rich in original works relative to the history of the kingdom, as of that in which the books proscribed by the Pope are carefully withheld from the inspection of the monks, the prior kept in his own possession, and neither were to be procured. "The once celebrated archives," as Link states, "were taken away by the Spaniards when they conquered Portugal, and were carried to the Escorial."

There is, it seems, in the library of this monastery, a volume presented to the Fathers by Mr. Canning, in remembrance of the hospitality he received from them. We have had much pleasure in the perusal of Mr. Kinsey's publication: it is replete with interest and information; and the elegance of its illustrations, and of the appearance of the whole volume, render it deserving of much public favour.

LETTERS OF AN ARCHITECT.

[Continued from page 594.]

Letters of an Architect, from France, Italy, and Greece. By Joseph Woods, F.S.A., &c. &c., in two volumes. J. and A. Arch. London, 1828.

THE further we advance in the perusal and examination of this work, the more reason we see to respect its author; and the more cause we find for regret, should the necessity of substantiating our few objections wear the appearance of a readiness to dwell more at large on the faults which it is possible to find with it, than on the ground on which it claims our commendation. The author himself will know, by experience, how to estimate the inconveniences of the critic's situation in this respect. The 'Letters,' for instance, abound with observations on the finest monuments of art of ancient and modern times; and the writer must have felt that, in devoting a few words only to expressing his sense of their excellencies, while he has found it necessary to detail, at length, their defects in order to justify his criticisms, he would subject himself to the suspicion of attending more to the faults than to the beauties of the objects of his remarks. We make these observations by way of protest against the conclusion that our idea of the merits or demerits of Mr. Woods' book, is to be estimated from the time or space occupied in the development of our opinion of the one or the other. We are the more anxious to enter this caveat, as, in resuming and concluding our notice of this valuable publication, we are about to commence with another objection, which is, that in his observations on the buildings of Venice and Florence, and especially of those of an early date, though in all other respects they are extremely judicious and well founded, Mr. Woods has not brought sufficiently into the foreground the effect they derive from their association with the times in which they were erected, and from the strong impress they bear of the character of that interesting epoch. The imposing aspect of the ancient and splendid buildings at Venice, is to be ascribed, in some measure no doubt, as Mr. Woods attributes it, to the stamp they bear of riches and power; but this is a general and not a distinct character, common to

edifices of style and description widely at variance; whereas the monuments to which we allude, have a peculiar and distinguishing character of their own—a style illustrative of the manners and of the events of the age to which they belong, and which they represent to our senses more strongly and accurately than the most eloquent pages of the historian. How completely, for instance, do those Florentine Palaces, the general effect of which our author despatches by telling his correspondent that they are like prisons, bear the character, now become mysterious and romantic, of those spirited, but still rude times, from which the Etruscan Athens dates her former opulence and her still surviving glory! How effectually do those prison-like palaces speak of the Guelphs, of the Ghibellines—of the Bianchi and Neri—of the Medici and the Pazzi. In what church of modern style and structure could the fancy place the scene of the assassination of Julius de' Medici? But let the audacious deed be done at the altar of such a temple as the Florentine Cathedral, noble, grand, vast, and stern, and the whole transaction is invested with its appropriate colours and effect. From the very style of the fabric, we derive an interest in the deed of violence; we comprehend the nature and character of the art itself, of the age in which it occurred, and of the manners and minds, half-refined and half-savage, stern and exalted, of its perpetrators. In descriptions of general effect, even on the point of accuracy, we prefer the poet to the man of facts—Madame de Staël to Mr. Woods. In details, however, the palm must be awarded to the architect, and for this reason we give a partial extract from his account of the interesting and singular building, we have just alluded to, the Santa Maria de Fiori of Florence—(how many pleasing sensations the very name revives!)—a work of those times, when the arts and civilization were springing into fresh life, and which boasts of having exercised the talents of some of the greatest names of which that city is with reason proud.

This magnificent fabric was commenced in 1298, and terminated or left nearly in the state in which it at present exists in 1419. With respect to size and importance, it ranks among the first buildings in the world. In point of splendour of material, it is not excelled by one. The names of Arnolfo, Giotto, and Brunelleschi, the principal architects, will be found referred to in the following passage:—

"After what I have already said, you will not ask me for any criticism on the front of this building; and in my observations on the appearance of the sides, you will recollect that the work is not all finished, particularly the upper part of the drum of the dome, where a parapet of small arches has been commenced under the direction of Baccio d'Agnolo, and not terminated. However, except in the façade, and in a few slight deficiencies of this sort, the whole edifice is encrusted with red, black, and white marbles, disposed in panels; some square-headed, and some terminating in pointed arches. There is a good deal of Gothic ornament about the lower windows and doors, and this is more apparent in the part I have attributed to Giotto and his successors, than in that of Arnolfo in the tribunes, where most of the arches are semicircular. The windows of the clerestory and of the drum of the dome, are circular, and without much ornament; but all the windows are small. You will not say that this is in good taste, and it certainly cannot be praised for purity of design. In fact, the panelling does not agree with the arches, or cornice; and neither of these, with the windows. Yet station yourself at the south-east angle, opposite the part which is most complete, and you must acknowledge it a glorious and magnificent building; rich and splendid in all its parts, and beautiful as a whole composition; and if there be not perfect harmony in every particular, there is nothing obtrusive or offensive; nothing which does not unite to the perfection of the whole. The inside of the nave is more decidedly Gothic than the out; it is very large, but not handsome, with wide arches upon low piers; the width of these openings being twenty-eight braccia, each of 22.956 inches, i. e. 53 feet and a half English, which is also the width of the nave, while the aisles are displeasingly narrow. The piers are of brown stone, the walls

and vaults whitewashed, and there is very little ornament of any sort. There are no ridge-ribs in the vaulting, and the ridges themselves are very much arched. An awkward gallery at the springing of the vaulting cuts the lines, and hides the commencement of the ribs. The arches are kept as usual by iron ties, the windows of the clerestory are small and circular; those of the aisles long, narrow, and pointed.

The whole of the part about the dome, is well and firmly built; and the exuberance of strength makes one conceive that Arnolfo intended something great in the centre. The diameter of the octagon is seventy-two braccia, which is somewhat greater than the width of the three parts of the nave united. Four of the sides are of course open to the four arms of the cross; two others open into the side aisles of the nave, and the remaining two into the sacristy. The dome is painted without any ribs or panels, or other architectural decoration; and, in spite of its size, its gloom, and its apparent solidity, the impression is not sublime. As we usually see this building, the windows are shaded, and the chief light is admitted from the doors. Nothing can be worse; but we frequently find the private apartments in Florence lighted from the lower part. The choir is a great octagonal inclosure, immediately under the dome. This is also said to be by Brunelleschi, but it is very ugly. There is hardly any thing to be admired, either in the sculptor or painting of this church. It boasts, indeed, a work of Michael Angelo, but unfinished, like most of his productions; and in so dark a place that it is hardly possible to see it at any time. More interest arises from the names of some great men who were buried here: Brunelleschi, Giotto, Dante, the first who distinguished themselves in the architecture, painting, and poetry, of modern Europe. How terms change their signification in different places! Four hundred years gives a monument a full claim to antiquity in England, but in Italy leaves it quite modern; and I have heard of a gentleman, who, in a conversation about Greek antiquities, was put in mind of the fortifications of Messene, which are still nearly entire. "Oh," replied he, "but those are modern, only of the age of Epaminondas." For these nations to boast of their antiquity, however, is just like an old man boasting of those years which have robbed him of all his vigour, both of body and mind.—Vol. I. Pp. 297-299.

We cannot quit the Piazza without a notice of the celebrated Campanile of Giotto, not less esteemed for its elegance of proportion, in which it has not been surpassed by any building, ancient or modern, than for its elaborate finish and richness of material, more questionable in point of taste.

From the cathedral I will take you to the Campanile, which stands just by, built entirely by Giotto; but if it was founded, as it is said to have been, on the 8th of July, 1334, it could hardly have been completed under his direction, since the latest account of his death fixes it in 1336, and Milizia places it in 1334. It is 25 braccia (47 feet 8 inches) square on the plan, and 144 braccia (294 feet seven inches) in height. The building is encrusted with red, black, and white marbles, like the cathedral, and like it, is of a peculiar architecture; for though the openings are pointed, and have even a good deal of Gothic ornament, yet the whole character of the building has hardly any thing in common with the spire, ascending form of that style, as we see it executed in France and England. For what it is, it is well composed, but we feel the want of any leading lines, the horizontal and perpendicular equally breaking each other. An Italian at Paris lifted up his hands and shoulders, when I praised the simplicity of the design in the internal architecture of the best Gothic edifices; but the Italians have no right to reproach the northern artists with want of simplicity, since this never was the character of any period of the art with them. The Romans, perhaps, added richness and magnificence to the Greek architecture, but they certainly, by introducing complicated, and frequently ill-combined forms, injured its simplicity; and if any thing like simplicity is found in some of the early restorers of the Roman style, it was soon over, and never became the national characteristic. Michael Angelo, Palladio, Brunelleschi, are only simple by comparison with the heinousness of their successors.—Vol. I. p. 299.

This is an observation highly creditable to our architect; it affords a proof of his sound taste, and shows that he had not allowed the trammels of a modern professional education to fetter his reason. It may be observed in addition, that it was the misfortune of the great men to whom

Europe is indebted for the restoration of architecture, and who have been blindly followed in after times, that they had to study from degenerate and corrupted models, the monuments of ancient Rome, which they mistook for prototypes. Had they been acquainted with the grand simplicity of the Greek structures of the best age, how different might have been the state of modern architecture!

From the details of our last extracts, which, to many of our readers, we are apprehensive may appear dry, an agreeable relief will be afforded by the perusal of the following feeling and animated description of the author's sensations on arriving at Rome. There are few, except the man of mere pleasure, who do not partake the sentiment of the poet, and feel that Rome is the 'City of the Soul'; but to the architect, of all others, is the Eternal City the object of attachment; both its ancient and modern monuments unite in recommending her to his affections, and we have seen the tears stand in the eyes of those most unused to the melting mood, at the idea of bidding adieu to her moss-and-sun-gilded roofs, her picturesque towers, splendid temples, noble palaces, and venerable antiquities:

I arrived at Rome, as I have already said, on the last day of the year, 1816, after a morning of continued eager expectation. In spite of all that may have been seen elsewhere of magnificent buildings, and of all the views and drawings which have been published of the eternal city, Rome is still a new world to an architect. You may know in detail the appearance of every building here, but you can feel nothing, you can imagine nothing, of the effect produced, on seeing, on finding yourself thus amongst them. To walk over the ancient Forum, and with a mind already raised by the indistinct and crowded associations of all the great and wonderful events which have originated on this spot, and of the great men who have ennobled it; to contemplate on one side the Capitol, with its temples and triumphal arches, testimonials of former splendour; and, on the other, the Curia hostilia, the temple of Jupiter Stator, and the arched terraces which once supported the proud palace of the Caesars, is an intellectual treat, to be enjoyed, to be imagined, nowhere but at Rome. A vague feeling of admiration mixes itself with every perception, and every recollection; and the mind forcibly rejects all inharmonious ideas. It is not any one thing that you see, any more than one point of history that you have to remember; multitudes of fragments are included in one view, not very perfect and distinct in their forms, yet sufficient to excite the imagination. They crowd on the eye, as the scenes of history on the memory. The strong emotion and the high tone of feeling excited, leave no power of criticising. There seems to be a magic in the mere names. Proceeding in your walk in the direction of the Via Sacra, you leave on the left, the temple of Antoninus and Faustina, that of Romulus and Remus, and other fragments without a name. Afterwards, also, on the left, is the temple of Peace, and you pass through the arch of Titus, both monuments of the destruction of Jerusalem: beyond are the temples of Venus and Rome, and at the distance of a few steps, the vast extent of the Coliseum. Nor have you to hunt out these objects with difficulty one after the other; they burst upon the eye almost at one view, and demand, or rather extort, your attention; and that view is usually almost the first upon which a stranger fixes his mind. Whether this building was a temple, or that a curia, may be questioned; but you cannot doubt for a moment, that each is a Roman work; and the ruin of some magnificent edifice. Afterwards you may ascend the Palatine, and pace over the extensive remains of the palace of the Caesars. The long vaults, where a partial destruction admits a gleam of daylight to their deep recesses; the terraces, which seem to bid defiance to time; the half domes, and solid piers, attesting the grandeur of their ancient construction; the walls fringed with shrubs, principally evergreen; the very intricacy of the plan, and the mixture of kitchen gardens and vineyards, where once the voice of Harmony resounded through lofty halls decorated with the finest productions of art; all impress the mind with the recollection of past glory. But the feeling here, is very different from that excited in the Forum. There, the recollection of the lofty virtues of these magnanimous republicans, exalts every feeling into admiration; here, the shapeless masses of ruin, half concealed by vegetation, accord better with the melancholy felt in contemplating the decay of Rome, and the wasteful and destructive

luxury which followed, or accompanied the erection of these palaces. But the views from the Palatine are no less striking than those within its walls. Below is the temple of Romulus; farther on to the left that of Vesta; between these is the arch of Janus; the temple of Castor and Pollux was in the immediate neighbourhood; and in another place that of Apollo. All these names, and almost every inch of ground, is disputed by the Roman antiquaries; but about such dissensions the imagination does not trouble herself. The form of the ground is still seen in the Circus Maximus, but the buildings are gone. The Aventine rises above all the other objects, crowned with convents and churches, composed of the spoils of the temples which once adorned it. To the left of the Aventine is an enormous mass of building, which once contained the baths of Caracalla. The lower story is supposed to be filled up; the upper is uncovered, but the vast piers, and solid piles of masonry, which are sufficient to explain very intelligibly the whole plan of the central building, impress forcibly the imagination. Nearer, but still more to the left, are the arch of Constantine, and the Coliseum; of which you here trace the form, and see the whole extent. Beyond are numerous fragments of great buildings, one knows not of what. Turning again to the north, and retracing the Via Sacra, by which you came to the Palatine, you fix your eye on the bold elevation of the Capitol, and figure to yourself what it must have appeared, unincumbered with the rubbish of modern buildings, when all its temples were entire, each surrounded by stately colonnades, and the whole crowned with the splendid fane of Jupiter Capitolinus. There were probably many inconsiderable temples in Rome, but here was a collection of fine ones; many might have been in bad taste, but individual defects were lost in the splendour of the whole display. Besides, the simple form of the ancient temple precluded such extravagances as are found in modern architecture; and the form of the ground gave to such a collection its full effect. This is the case not only on the Capitol, but in the other parts of Rome; and nothing has astonished me more than the numerous fine points of view which the ancient city must have afforded. The hills were insignificant in themselves, but they seem made to display the buildings to the greatest advantage; and one grand object rising behind another, and varying in combination at every new point of view, must have exhibited a scene of splendour and magnificence, unparalleled not only in fact, but in the descriptions of the most luxuriant fancy. The hills and country about Rome are well disposed for architecture, and for uniting its objects with those of the landscape. They are not high, and therefore the dreary waste of the Campagna is not obtrusive; while the broken foreground is richly adorned with evergreen and deciduous trees, and especially with the picturesque stone pine. The flowing line of Monte Albano, and the bolder and more irregular forms of the Apennines, unite to form an inexhaustible fund of variety and interest.—Vol. I. p. 327-329.

We give the following remarks on the specimen of the most celebrated example of the Corinthian existing order, for the benefit of our artists; the rank of the subject must excuse us to our lay readers:

Nearly opposite to this, (but we have already passed a little too far,) are three columns of Jupiter Stator, or of Castor and Pollux, or of the Comitia, for all these names have been assigned to them. The Roman antiquaries are much more successful in oppugning the opinions of others, than in establishing their own. However, the plan which has been pretty completely discovered by the excavations lately made, determines it, although deficient in the usual number of columns at the sides, to have been a temple; and the opinions of the wise seem to lean to Castor and Pollux, as rebuilt by Tiberius, though I believe some other notions are still floating among them. The vulgar call it by the name of Jupiter Stator, and we will, if you please, follow the vulgar, as this is the name by which it is most generally known. Whatever it was, we may fairly pronounce it to have been the most perfect building of which any remains now exist in Rome. I do not mean the most beautiful, for in that, tastes may differ; but that in which science, skill, and attention, have been most carefully and invariably employed in the design, in the drawing, and in the execution. In the capitals of Mars Ultor, the arrangement of the division of the leaves is differently managed, even in parts of the same capital, apparently from mere intention; in the fragment of Jupiter Tonans, though the execution was laboured to excess, yet some parts of the drawing are faulty; and in the portico of the

Pantheon, the execution was so much neglected, that no two intercolumniations are exactly alike; there are considerable differences in the capitals, and in the pediment there is one modillion more on one side than on the other. There is no appearance of any of these faults in Jupiter Stator, and there are no other buildings we can put into comparison with it, unless it be the Forum of Trajan, of which we have not sufficient remains to enable us fairly to institute a parallel. Of the general design, indeed, we have hardly in any case materials for judging, but the plan and disposition of this temple, bear at least evidence of a careful consideration. The building is of white marble, so that the substance, as well as the workmanship, contributed to the effect of magnificence. The entablature is finely proportioned. It is decidedly Roman in taste, which some persons perhaps may think a defect, and others consider a beauty. The frieze is plain, while one band of the architrave is ornamented; this deviation from the usual practice does not seem to me well judged. In the Erechtem at Athens, we find a plain frieze accompanied with a great deal of ornament, not on, but below the architrave; but in that case the frieze was of black marble, and though now unadorned, the holes in it prove it to have been once enriched with figures of metal, probably of gilt bronze. There is no appearance of any thing of this sort in the temple of Jupiter Stator. The foliage of the capital is extremely different from that of the Pantheon, or indeed of any other example in Rome, presenting much broader and flatter surfaces to the light; whether this is better or worse, I will not pretend to determine, but I may assert that the present is very beautiful. The upper tooth of each division of the leaves hardly crosses the lower side of the division above; the second touches without crossing. Mons. Caristie, of the French Academy, is at present engaged in making a restoration of this building, and for that purpose following out the minutest details with the greatest care and accuracy; it was he who pointed out to me many of the particulars I am going to mention.—Vol. I. pp. 335—337.

The following passage relates to what the architects call the *entasis* of the column, a feature in Greek architecture which was once the subject of much dispute among practitioners, and which has given rise to many errors and absurdities in practice, in those who blindly follow in the train of others, without knowing the reasons which influenced their leaders. The Greeks, of all nations in the world, were the greatest observers of natural effects in matters of art, and to those effects they always paid attention, studious to correct them where necessary. They early discovered that property of the atmosphere which the Italians express by the term 'La grand aria mangia,' and which makes any lofty, isolated fabric, although in a really straight line, appear thin and even concave towards the middle. We have an instance of this effect in the noble obelisk at the Lateran in Rome, or, to seek an example less classical, but more familiar, and within reach of all our London readers at least, it may be remarked in the lofty shot-tower, near Waterloo-bridge. The Greeks, to correct this natural effect, gave their columns a convexity, so slight, however, that, in general, (for there are a few examples in which it is, more or less, strongly expressed,) it was perceptible only on close examination. Some architects, more discerning than the rest, discovered this practice of the Greeks, and published it; and then in rushed the blind idolaters of antiquity, to give curved columns, without knowing a why or a wherefore. Soon then succeeded (no wonder!) bulging and bellied columns, more like beer-barrels than the Grecian Doric, which they professed to copy. This abuse, in its turn, produced re-action, by creating disgust, and provoked a denial that the Greeks gave their columns an entasis, and the point continued for a long time in dispute. Experience, however, is on the side of the upholders of the doctrine; and the sound reason for the usage having also been discovered, the question is now pretty well set at rest. Mr. Woods traces the entasis in the columns of the Temple of Jupiter Stator, and gives the following account of it:

'You know that the shaft of a column usually enlarges a little at the bottom, and terminates in a fillet

above the base. This enlargement, with the fillet, is called the *apophysis*, and may usually be described in the section, by a quarter of a circle, of an inch or two radius, but in this example, the curve seems to be that of an extremely eccentric ellipsis, extending some feet up the shaft, and influencing its general form, so as to reduce it to a continued flowing serpentine line, from top to bottom. This curvature is so gentle, as not to be perceptible without the most careful examination, but nevertheless, has its effect in giving grace and elegance to the columns. It is quite a mistake to suppose that a variation of form, not immediately cognizable by the eye, must therefore be useless; every artist has felt that these slight changes influence the beauty of the composition, without being themselves obvious, even to a skilful observer. These columns have stood upon a continued pedestal, and under that is another, or sub-pedestal, containing an arched opening under each intercolumniation. Each pedestal has had its own cornice. In front a flight of twenty-eight steps led to the Via sacra up to a portico of eight columns. This flight of steps was singularly divided into three parts, by two masses of masonry, or pedestals, as perhaps we may call them, of the height of the sub-pedestal. The middle, and by much the largest portion, continued in a straight line from top to bottom; the two side ones were turned laterally.

'The solid construction of this temple was as remarkable as the disposition of its basement. Under all the columns and walls, the masonry was formed with great blocks of travertine, and similar blocks formed the external circuit of the building. The greater part of the intermediate spaces was filled up with rubble work. The travertine has been an object of plunder, and the walls are now traced by the vacancies between the masses of rubble, which was not worth the removing. Even the blocks under the intervals of the three remaining columns, have been taken away, and they stand now entirely detached from each other, (except by some iron ties inserted for their preservation,) from the foundation to the architrave, twenty feet more than the proper height of the column.—Vol. I. pp. 337—338.

We cannot do better, at least as regards the history of architecture, than follow our author from the Temple of Jupiter Stator, in another step, a stride we may say, in the Roman departure from the simplicity of the Greek models, and contemplate the 'Temple of Peace,' the vaulted nave and aisles of which are considered, with reason, to have suggested the arrangement of the Basilicas of modern times. This monument has therefore additional claims to interest, as forming a direct connecting link between ancient architecture and that at present prevailing. We recommend to particular attention the critical remarks in the following passages. They are all judicious, and some of them, as far as our experience goes, are novel:

'From the Temple of Jupiter let me take you to that of Peace, a building of very different style in every respect. The remains consist of three great arches of brick and rubble, nearly of equal size, and of some foundations of piers, which exhibit themselves above ground. The plan, which you may see in almost any book of Roman architecture, has been a room, about 248 feet long, and 195 wide, composed of a nave, or central part, which is vaulted with three groined arches, and which has on each side three large recesses, rising about as high as the springing of the principal arches, and occupying nearly their whole width. These groined vaults have had the appearance of resting on eight Corinthian columns, or rather on detached entablatures over such columns. It was probably intended, by throwing the weight on such slender, and apparently inefficient props, to give the whole an exaggerated appearance of lightness; the attempt seems injudicious; yet the same sort of arrangement in the existing hall of the baths of Dioclesian is generally admired. The Romans, this is my present theory, had a sort of architecture borrowed from the Etruscans, before they had much intercourse with Greece. The ornamental parts have presented arches, and niches, and Tuscan columns, which were little more than the wooden props from which the idea of a column has been derived. To this they afterwards added the triglyphs, characteristic of the Doric order; and thus made what is now called the Roman Doric, but which till lately used to be considered as the genuine order; and imported also the other orders. From these materials, about the time of Augustus, they formed an architecture of their own;

combining with the severe, and as they probably felt it, somewhat monotonous simplicity of the Greek forms, the arches and niches of the Etruscan mode of building; and executing their works on a large scale, and with a magnificence and fulness of ornament peculiar to themselves. The power of vaulting their apartments, enabled them to combine magnitude and solidity, both real and apparent; and they no sooner felt the effect thus produced, than they began to abuse their powers in sacrificing every thing else to this union. The great hall in the baths of Caracalla was, perhaps, the first remarkably successful effort of the sort; at least we know of nothing earlier, for it is not clear that there was any thing of the kind in the baths of Titus. The novelty was admired, extolled, and imitated; and this great room, called the Temple of Peace, and the great hall in the baths of Dioclesian, were built upon the same model. Palladio inserts a similar apartment in the baths of Nero and Titus, as well as in those of later date; but we know not his authority, and the progress would be the same though we should assign an earlier date to the commencement of the practice. It is impossible to deny the impressive effect produced by these ample spaces, and bold construction, whatever was the edifice in which they were first introduced, or not to regret, that it should have occasioned the entire disregard of all chaster, and less ostentatious beauty, both in the masses and in the details. Whatever was the motive of this disposition, its effect in the Temple of Peace is now entirely lost, as the great vault is gone.'

Our readers will look with interest for the impression received by the architect from the far-famed coliseum. They will be disappointed. He views it with the eye of a rigid architect. We shall only add, that the observations he makes in that character, are most just:

'We will now pass to the Coliseum, without stopping to examine the shapeless fragment of a fountain, or aqueduct, called the Meta sudans. What an immense mass! You walk round it, and within it. You pace its long corridors, or stand on the top of its half-ruined vaults, and every where, and in every part, and from every point of view, the same impression occurs of enormous magnitude. You may visit it again and again, and you will still feel this one character eternally repeated. To the painter, in its present state of ruin, it offers many picturesque combinations and admirable studies. The antiquary may delight in tracing the various parts, and imagining their uses; but to the architect it does not say much. As a whole, it is a mere mass, with little merit of design or execution. None of the orders are good, and the mouldings are indifferently drawn and worse executed, as might be expected from the manner in which it was raised. Yet, on the whole, the details of the architecture are better than I expected from the engravings. It is curious, that although the arches are semicircular, and of small span, the arch-stones are joggled; this would seem to indicate no great confidence in the form of the arch, and consequently not much habit of using it, at that time. Travertine, brickwork, and rubble are intermixed in the construction, and the ancient pavement in some of the passages so exactly resembles Dutch clinkers, that I should have had no doubt of their being such, had I met with them in England.'

The second volume of Mr. Woods's Letters, contains his concluding remarks on Rome, and his account of his journey through the March of Ancona, and to Naples, Greece, and Sicily. It possesses all the characteristics of the first volume, from which we have made such copious extracts, to which, in conclusion, we subjoin the following interesting parallel between the monuments of Athens and Rome, and the observations, no less deserving of attention, which follow on the situations of buildings in ancient and modern cities.

'It is fortunate for us that we have more remains of the two cities where architecture was carried to the greatest perfection, than of any other. The immensity of Rome, and the vast multitude of public buildings which adorned it, might lead one to expect that we should meet there with more remains than elsewhere, but Athens never was a very large city, nor do the public buildings in it appear to have been constructed on a larger scale than in many others. In each of these cities we probably see the remains of some of the finest examples. Judging from the fragments found at Rome, we may pronounce that there were many other buildings of great beauty, but none which we could wish to

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exchange for the temple of Mars Ultor, of Jupiter Sator, of Jupiter Tonans, of Antoninus and Faustina, or for the portico of the Pantheon. The temple of Jupiter Capitolinus was, indeed, larger than any of these, but we may doubt if its architecture were better, or even so good. Here there are fewer objects to distract the attention, and we may be assured that the Parthenon, the Erechtheum, the Propylæa, and the temple of Theseus, were the principal objects of beauty in the time of Athenian splendour, and if there were others which rivalled, there were none which pretended to surpass them. That we have remains of the best edifices of Hadrian and Herodes Atticus, is not quite so certain, but we know from several examples that architecture had fallen, at that period, from the dignity and purity which it possessed in the time of Pericles.

I have, on a former occasion, attempted to explain what were the peculiarities of situation which gave effect to the Roman buildings. They occupied in many instances points of land advancing into the general line of the valley of the Tiber. The spectator was in the centre, the objects were round him. In Athens it was exactly the reverse; the objects were grouped together on a hill in the centre, which displayed its magnificence on every side. At Rome the beholder was dazzled by the multiplicity of objects. At Athens he was impressed by their simplicity and unity, for, from every point of view, the public edifices which crowded the summit, and were disposed on the slopes of the Acropolis, would combine to form a single whole. In both, nature and art seemed to have united to produce an harmonious effect, and even in the style of architecture, the richness and grandeur of Roman, and the grace and elegance of Athenian, seem alike suited to the disposition of the buildings, and the stations they occupied. It is remarkable, that both these cities should have been so admirably placed. Paris hardly offers a single marked situation; Naples would have been better, had some of its principal edifices occupied the Chiatamone; Milan is on a flat; Florence merely in a fine valley. London would be preferable to any of these for the display of architecture, but we have taken no advantage of the steep bank rising from the Thames, which, though rather too low, would nevertheless afford admirable situations for public buildings. The present circumstances of Athens and Rome are no less strikingly opposed to each other than the situation and style of architecture. Rome is adorned, and frequently incumbered with modern magnificence; the Athenian ruins are either insulated or surrounded by mere huts. At Rome the buildings are numerous, and very much decayed; at Athens they are few, and much more perfect. Indeed, the mere lapse of time seems to have had very little effect on those of the latter city. Earthquakes have shaken, explosions have shattered, and avarice has despoiled them, but a great deal of what remains, remains absolutely perfect, except in the more delicate and exposed sculpture, and even of the sculpture a considerable portion is as fresh as if it were only just finished. The modern manners of Greece and Italy have introduced a style of domestic architecture in the two cities completely different. In one country each family inhabits a story, or perhaps only a suite of apartments, and many families live consequently under the same roof. In the other, such a system would be profanation: each family occupies its own little house, shut out from the rest of the world by being placed in a court, and instead of six or seven stories, as in Italy, we here rarely find more than two. Nature seems to delight in adding to these contrasts. At Rome the atmosphere is remarkably quiet; at Athens the winds are frequent and impetuous. At Rome, on the contrary, the recurrence of thunder-storms is frequent, and they are extremely violent; at Athens, thunder is rare: but this remark is so very wide of my subject, that it reminds me to return to it.—Vol. ii., pp. 259-261.

Nothing need be added in recommendation of these volumes; the extracts speak for themselves, and render superfluous any further praise on our part.

MEDICAL TOPOGRAPHY.

On the Curative Influence of the Southern Coast of England, especially that of Hastings; with Observations on Diseases in which a Residence on the Coast is most beneficial. By William Harwood, M.D. Pp. 326, 8vo. Colburn. London; 1828.

INVALIDS, and particularly those affected with pulmonary consumption, having seldom found benefit in Italy, Portugal, or the South of France,

are beginning to prefer the southern coast of England for a winter residence. No consumptive person, we think, after perusing Matthews' clever 'Diary of an Invalid,' would be willing to expose himself to the keen, cutting, cold winds, which are far from uncommon, even so far south as Naples, and so late in the spring as April, while there is no warm chimney-corner, nor snug parlour, to afford a shelter from their influence. As cold weather is only occasional in the south of Europe, and always of short duration, no provision is made for its occurrence in the construction of houses or apartments, which are all built more as a shelter from heat and heavy rains, than from frosty winds or draughts of cold air. Invalids need not be told how serious the inconveniences thence arising must be to them; and though they may have received benefit during a month of milder spring weather than usually occurs in Britain, yet a single day of the cold biting winds described by Matthews, will have a tendency to produce more injury than if the previous weather had been more uniformly cold. In fact, a single hour's exposure to a cold wind may produce fatal consequences, and undo the amendments which may have been making for months before. Such occasional cold days, in the advanced spring, must obviously be much more trying to persons of delicate health, in the south of Europe than in England; for the previous warmth will tend to open the pores of the skin more than could occur in the colder weather of Britain, and, consequently, will render the transition more violent and injurious.

Such, we believe, to be an impartial picture of the circumstances affecting consumptive invalids residing in the South of Europe; and when these are contrasted with the state of our own Southern coast, the advantages will be found to preponderate considerably in favour of Sussex, Devonshire, and Cornwall, all of which have been increasing in reputation, as winter residences for consumptive invalids. With respect to the latter, the best information may be obtained from 'A Guide to Mount's Bay and the Land's End, by a Physician,' understood to be from the pen of Dr. J. A. Paris. The coast of Devonshire is recommended, in most of the recent medical publications which touch upon pulmonary complaints. And with respect to the whole line of the Southern coast, though more particularly of Hastings, where Dr. Harwood resides, a more intelligent and philosophical work than the one now under review, could not be desired. It is by no means, indeed, confined to the subject of medical topography, but contains many clear and rational investigations of the causes of the diseases likely to derive benefit from the air of the Southern coast, and also of the various means of cure which have been tried from the early times of Hippocrates, Aretæus, Celsus, and Galen, down to those of Sydenham, Heberden, Duncanson, and Andral. Of these various parts of the work, we shall, accordingly, extract such specimens as will enable those who are interested in the subject to judge of Dr. Harwood's book, which is, in our opinion, as judicious and sensible, as it is learned and scientific—containing a happy amalgamation of the principles of the ancients, and the investigations of the moderns.

'Of all the benefits,' says Dr. Harwood, 'which the Hastings coast offers to the invalid, there is none more obvious than the choice of situation it affords, adapting it either for summer or winter residence. Many of its habitations being placed at an elevation of two or three hundred feet above the level of the sea; consequently, as the temperature of all places is so materially diminished in proportion to their elevation, that, in this country, one of 270 feet is allowed to be equal, in the difference of its temperature, to an entire degree of latitude; and as these more elevated parts of the town of Hastings are moreover visited, during the summer months, by the then prevailing breezes, descending from the surrounding altitudes, these higher parts of the town necessarily receive from them a very dimi-

nished temperature, at those periods when coolness is most grateful. While, on the other hand, the numerous habitations which are placed on the immediate beach below the cliffs, being most effectually sheltered, at all seasons, from the more piercing winds, are no less suitably adapted for a winter residence.'—It would be an injustice to Hastings to omit to notice its very superior suitability for the employment of exercise in the open air, on the part of invalids, during those months which are usually the most cold and severe. This arises from the peculiar situation of the parade, which is screened from the north, north-east, and east winds, and the existence of a carriage road, in a more especial manner, adapted to this purpose, than any other with which I am acquainted on the South coast. This road is situated on the west side of the town, and is scarcely less sheltered than the town itself, beneath the surfaces of the cliffs, extending along the coast, which, during the whole day, reflect every feeble ray of the sun.—There are few situations in which exercise can be had recourse to, at almost any period of the year, under circumstances so favourable.—P. 24.

The temperature of Hastings will also bear a most favourable comparison with that of other places during the severer months of the year. It appears from a register kept there during the four coldest months for 1827 and 1828, that it is even higher than that at Rome. The coldest month at Hastings is February, which averages from 43°·5 to 44° Fahrenheit in mean temperature. Humboldt averages the mean of the coldest month in Edinburgh at 38°·3; Paris, 35°·1; Rome, 42°·1. Hastings, besides, has the great advantage of the most comfortable accommodations, from the convenience and extent of its buildings, its bathing establishments, and the excellent supply of its markets, including fish from our own, and game from the French coast; both frequently of benefit to the delicate. Of the great importance of temperature, and protection from atmospheric changes, Dr. Harwood gives the following remarks:

'I cannot avoid remarking, that every medical practitioner on the southern coast must have met with striking examples of the different effects produced on the organs of respiration by a land and a sea atmosphere. I have myself seen them so powerfully displayed, that, in the case of a young lady, who had long laboured under an extreme degree of irritability in the membranous lining of the lungs, though, at all times, she felt perfectly free from inconvenience during the prevalence of south, south-west, or western sea-breezes, no sooner did the wind veer to the north or north-east, and blow from the land, than she could detect the change even before rising in the morning, by the cough and oppression which succeeded; and, on inadvertently running only a few yards against such a wind, she has become very alarmingly affected, by almost a total cessation in the powers of breathing; the vessels of the lungs appearing to suffer a spasmodic constriction and an inability to continue their circulation; while the actions of the heart were hurried and irregular, and the countenance rendered of a purple hue by venous congestion.'—Pp. 223.

For the cure of consumption, or, rather, for the mitigation of its symptoms, Dr. Harwood advises bathing in tepid or warm sea-water; for where the symptoms of inflammation have evinced themselves, however obscurely, it would be highly imprudent to bathe in water at a low temperature. From 90° to 95° Fahrenheit is the highest temperature of the sea-water bath advisable in such cases. He also recommends gentle exercise in the open air, particularly sailing in short excursions along the shore.

We have not room here to enlarge on his judicious remarks on indigestion and hypochondriasis, acute and chronic rheumatism, gout, winter cough, asthma, hæmoptysis, diseases of the liver, the effects of mercurial medicines, the effects of loss of blood, causes of debility, diseases of children, scrofula, rickets, marasmus, spasmodic diseases, whooping-cough, measles, diseases of the skin, &c. For these we must refer our readers to the work itself, which is neatly got up, and moderate in price.

POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Specimens of the Lyrical, Descriptive, and Narrative Poets of Great Britain, from Chaucer to the present Day. By John Johnstone. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1828.

THIS is really as nice a little volume as we have met with for a long while. The style in which it is got up is, in respect to both typography and editorship, as elegant and tasteful as can be; and its cheapness, not the most immaterial of its recommendations, is really, we think, all things considered, almost without a parallel. Here is a collection of specimens from about a hundred of our poets, dead and living, selected with great care and discrimination, and introduced in every case by sketches of the lives of the writers, all of which, together with an exceedingly ably drawn up sketch of the History of English Poetry, which, of itself, occupies above a hundred pages, we have for the trifling sum of five shillings and sixpence. Its intrinsic value, the volume is literally worth a great deal more than its weight in gold, for it contains the most precious portion of the most precious literature in existence. But see what can be done by that wonderful multiplier of mind—the printing press! Here is the whole for little more than twice the purchase-money of Lord Ferrers's pewter snuff-box.*

We find the following note appended to an eloquently written life of Burns, which precedes the extracts from his productions, and have much pleasure in contributing to give additional circulation to the anecdote which it contains, and which, we believe, Mr. Johnstone has been the first to communicate to the public. The sum of money to which it refers had been lent, or rather, given by Burns to his brother, after the publication of the Edinburgh edition of his poems, and was always, in fact, considered by him as merely his contribution to the expense of supporting his aged mother, which Gilbert, although struggling with many difficulties, had undertaken. The story is as honourable to one of the parties concerned as it is disgraceful to the other.

‘Mr. Gilbert Burns, a man of considerable literary ability, and, in all respects, “of the excellent of the earth,” died lately in East Lothian, where he had long lived as the factor of Lord Blantyre. The mother of the poet, who many years survived her illustrious son, lived till her death with Gilbert Burns, who had a large family of his own. This debt of 200*l.* to his brother—for such he seems to have considered it—necessarily stood over. The exertions of Dr. Currie, and of the other friends and admirers of Burns, had placed his widow far above the fear of want, and every member of the family was respectably settled in life. It seems to have been almost the romance of integrity which induced Mr. Gilbert Burns to devote to the repayment of this loan a sum of money which he received from the booksellers shortly before his death for revising his brother's works. Had Burns survived, it would have gone hard with him before he had taken back this money.’

ARMSTRONG ON MORBID ANATOMY.

The Morbid Anatomy of the Stomach, Bowels, and Liver, illustrated by a series of Plates, from Drawings, with explanatory Letter-press, and a Summary of the Symptoms of the Acute and Chronic Affections of the above-named Organs. By John Armstrong, M.D., Lecturer on the Principles and Practice of Physic, and Consulting Physician to the London Fever Hospital, &c. Fasciculi I. et II. Baldwin and Craddock. London, 1828.

THE medical profession must hail, with delight, Dr. Armstrong's splendid engravings on the ‘Morbid Anatomy of the Stomach, Bowels, and Liver.’ We had intended to make some observations on the neglect with which the science of pathological anatomy is generally treated in this country, but our author has so ably considered this subject in his preface, as to render our intended remarks perfectly superfluous; conse-

* See the Report of his Lordship's late appearance at Bow-street.

quently, we shall make an extract from the introduction to the work itself. As to the mechanical department, we have only to observe, that the engravings far surpass any thing that has hitherto appeared on this subject. The descriptions contain remarks well known to those of our readers who have attended or read the Doctor's Lectures:

‘Several causes have concurred to retard the progress of morbid anatomy in England, but two appear more prominent and powerful than the rest—prejudice on the part of the public, and something very like indifference on the part of the profession. It would be easy to account for the public prejudice, on those inherent principles of our nature, which lead us to regard as inviolate the relics with which so many endearing recollections of life are associated. Yet it would be difficult to assign any very satisfactory reason for the professional indifference, once so extensively diffused, unless it owed its origin to that scholastic system of education which directed the mind to nosological technicalities, and metaphysical abstractions, rather than to the particular details, and general inductions, of pathological anatomy. Happily, however, this indifference is giving way to a wide-spreading zeal among the profession; and it is to be hoped, that the advancement of knowledge will daily diminish the aversion to dissections in the public mind.’

‘Every medical man who is duly impressed with the practical importance of his art, now considers it a duty to cultivate morbid anatomy to the utmost of his power; since he is fully sensible that, without the aids which it affords, theory is mere conjecture, and practice mere empiricism. Indeed, if a doubt exist in his mind as to the cause of death in any case, he would look upon himself as criminal, were he not to request and urge an examination, on the ground that, as such a case was the representative of others, which must afterwards fall under his care, so they, in like manner, would, in all probability, be fatal, unless the veil of ignorance should be removed by some particular dissection. And, on the other hand, when such a request is made with becoming delicacy, to surviving relations or friends, they should remember that they are under certain social obligations, which are of a serious, and even sacred, character. If their feelings should be so exclusive, as to prevent the medical attendant from making an examination when he is at a loss to determine the nature of a disease, they occasion, to some of their fellow-creatures, through his consequent ignorance, an affliction as deep and irrevocable as their own; and thus, while they violate their duty as members of society, they moreover preclude the practitioner from acquiring a clear insight into those hereditary tendencies, which, in a preventive view, might enable him to be really useful to themselves, as branches of the same stock. More than half the evils in the world arise from the predominance of the selfish over the social feelings; but, if knowledge and virtue should advance together, mankind will be more under the influence of that general principle of sympathy, which inculcates a constant attention to the welfare of the community. At least, it is imperative upon the medical philosopher to be guided by this principle, that he may, on all proper occasions, endeavour to instruct himself, and overcome those prejudices by which the advancement of pathological anatomy has been so much retarded in this country, compared to some parts of the Continent, where so laudable an example has been set by many of our foreign brethren.’

We doubt not but the profession will appreciate this work in a generous and liberal manner; it deserves their support; and we give it our decided approbation.

H. W. D.

NEW MEDICAL JOURNAL.

The London Medical and Surgical Journal, No. I. Underwoods. July, 1828.

IT gives us much pleasure to inform our professional readers of the publication of this new Journal; its Editors have long been known to the public for their talents. The present Number contains a series of most valuable articles, interesting to the medical practitioner; and if the succeeding Numbers are conducted in the same spirited manner as the present, its success is certain.

* Dr. Armstrong's Lectures have been published in ‘The Lancet.’

ENGRAVINGS.

The Market Gardeners. Engraved by Charles G. Lewis, from a Painting by Witherington. Moon and Co. London.

THIS is a very beautiful and highly finished etching, of a cleverly-treated and popular domestic subject. The composition is exceedingly picturesque, and the light and shade is very effectively managed. Not Wouvermans himself has succeeded better in animating his cattle, than has Mr. Witherington his donkey and dog in this piece: in this respect his engraver has done him ample justice. There is a weakness of touch about the features of the other figures in the fore-ground. The impression, we understand, is limited to 250 Copies.

Improved Design for a New Palace, St. James's Park, published by Wm. Barlowell, St. John Street, Westminster.

WE have before us a projected improvement of Mr. Nash's design for the New Palace, St. James's Park:—by the substitution of lateral, instead of the present frontal pavilions. Of this we shall merely observe, that the only improvement which will satisfy the country, is the demolition of this entire heap of absurdity. Place in the hands of a competent architect the quarter of a million which will be required to complete the present design, and we cannot fail to have a Palace far more creditable to the country and to the Sovereign than Buckingham House can ever be rendered, though whole millions be spent on it. Mr. Barlowell, however, was perfectly safe in his attempt to design improvements for Mr. Nash's plan.—Failure was impossible. Mr. Barlowell proposes to adorn the new Palace with a line of bas-reliefs, representing that unique and glorious event—the Coronation of his present Majesty. Underneath these tablets he has inserted an inscription, which, ‘spectacles on nose,’ we read as follows:—‘Let Oronians and Antabos contend for an honour to be given to the gentleman who composes the most elegant inscription in Greek and English, descriptive of this representation of the Coronation Procession of his Most Gracious Majesty King George the Fourth; and also to the Glory of the nation, and in honour of the noble minds of this age—men who, under the direction of the Monarch that erected this Palace, spread the illumination of Literature and Science, and gave peace to the world.’ This inscription may serve as an amusing sample of the taste of the whole affair. Should his Majesty be graciously pleased to employ the juvenile optics of the little Royal prodigy, his Highness, or Royal Highness, Prince George, in spelling this loyal effusion, who can doubt that Mr. Nash's neck is broken for ever as King's architect? But this they say his Majesty's obligations to the national architect forbid!—*credat Judeus!*

Sua Maestà Giorgio IV. Re d'Inghilterra; engraved from a Pen-and-Ink Drawing by an Italian Gentleman, now residing in Manchester. Moon, Boys, and Graves, London; Agnew and Zanetti, Manchester. 1828.

EVVIVA la bella Italia! Hide your diminished heads, ye British, French, and German penmen, while we proclaim the flourishing glory of a compatriot of Raphael and Michael Angelo, the Signor P. A. Tealdi, who, with a simple grey goose-quill, and a few drops of concoction of galls, has represented his most gracious Majesty King George the Fourth, to the life, if not large as life, seated with all the ease of ‘the best Cavalry Officer in Europe,’ on his famous charger *Stewart!* Jest apart; this plate is an amazingly clever and spirited effort of penmanship. It was executed, we understand, by its author for his own amusement, and has been engraved as a curiosity, at the request of his friends.

ERRORS OF PAINTERS, AND OTHERS.

In a French painting of ‘The Crucifixion,’ a Monk, holding the emblem of salvation, is seen earnestly exhorting the good Thief; while, in ‘The Temptation of our Lord,’ executed for a convent of Capuchins, Satan is represented in the habit of the Order. When the artist, was reproved for the insult by his Monastic employers, he justified himself by saying ‘that the eloquence of one of that fraternity could alone be deemed capable of seducing the Saviour.’ Le Gros, the celebrated sculptor, has represented Saint Bartholomew unflayed, yet holding his skin in the skirts of his robe. Sannazarius, the poet, has introduced Juno as present at the delivery of the Virgin; Ariosto has not feared to render an Evangelist contemporary with Roland; and Père de Moine makes Vulcan present armour to the Saint Louis.

MONTECO.—AN ITALIAN STORY.

CHAPTER I.

DURING the latter half of the 16th century, an Englishman, then in his earliest manhood, spent some months at Venice. He was one of those (so frequently met with in romance, and so seldom in history) who are equally remarkable for almost every bodily and mental accomplishment. Noble, beautiful, brave, learned, eloquent, and a poet, skilful in arms, and perfect in all courtly courtesies,—the youthful cavalier was the ornament of the society in which he mingled, and the glory of the country which gave him birth. The splendour of his appearance, the readiness and the gracefulness of his discourse, and the exalted and heroic tone of feeling which shone out through every word and gesture, procured him friendship and respect wherever he travelled; and at Venice he was speedily acquainted with nearly all the persons in that city, whom station or talents rendered most distinguished. Among these, the Englishman looked with peculiar curiosity at the renowned Statesman and General, Adrian Monteco. He was then past the prime of life; and holding the most important place in the Council of Ten, was considered, by foreigners and Venetians, as the foremost Noble of the Republic. He was a man of a harsh but decided expression of lip, with a dark and subtle eye; a brow always compressed, and an address somewhat ostentatiously open. He habitually stooped in the shoulders, and kept his eyes bent towards the ground; but when he looked up, men felt that it was something other than timidity which ordinarily induced him to withdraw his face from observation. To the young stranger, whether from the liking which he professed, or, as some suspected, though none hinted, from the importance of his name and personal character, Monteco was studiously attentive. They were discoursing together, one sultry afternoon, in the palace of the Venetian, on the questions of state policy referring to the situation of the Ocean Commonwealth. Several senators and leaders were present, and joined occasionally in the conversation; and, in one corner of the vast saloon, a pale and sickly-looking youth, the only son of Monteco, was seated at a little table, engaged in copying papers for his father. The dialogue of the Englishman and his Italian friend turned, after some time, on the disputes between the Roman See and the Venetian Government; and the stranger mentioned the name of the celebrated Father Paul, and expressed an anxious desire to see him; Monteco instantly turned, and called to his son, by the name of 'Lorenzo.' The youth started up with an appearance of terror; but, pausing for an instant to dispose of his papers with some regularity, his father's wrath burst forth in the exclamation—'Haste, whelp! Did not you hear me call you?' The lad came forward, trembling, and received his parent's commands to accompany the young foreigner to the cell of the Servite Monk, the illustrious antagonist of the Papacy. The youth bowed low, and faltered out his readiness to obey. He then turned towards the door; and the Englishman, in following him, perceived that he was not only of dwarfish stature, but miserably and hopelessly deformed. They entered a gondola; and there was time and opportunity for the stranger to examine Lorenzo's face. It was delicately, and almost beautifully formed; but the dead paleness, the eyes which looked red with sorrow, and the brow and lip which seemed to have been long and often convulsed by suffering, rendered the first impression of the countenance extremely painful. When asked by his companion, if he was intimate with Father Paul, he replied, with an appearance of anxious courtesy, that he had often spent whole days in the cell of the poor Monk. 'I marvel,' said the Englishman, 'that you have not rather conversed with him in the Monteco Palace.' The Dwarf started, but replied, coldly, that the Father did not love to

leave his home. 'Yet, Master Lorenzo, I should conceive he hath less to make his home delightful than you find in yours.' The foreigner had never seen Adrian Monteco but in public, and knew nothing of his family circumstances, except that Lorenzo had no mother living; and he went on to say to the Dwarf, 'Have you not brothers or sisters?'—'Your being of another land, Sir Knight, excuses you for not having heard what hath been said in all the streets of Venice, that but for me my father is without a son, and that my only sister is in a Roman convent.' The Cavalier repented that he had struck a string which seemed to jar at the slightest touch. But he had no time to repair the error, for the gondola stopped, and in a few moments he found himself in the small and mean apartment of Father Paul.

CHAPTER II.

In his chamber he had little furniture, except books and philosophical instruments, apparently of far greater value than agreed with the general poverty of the room, and of its master. The broad and strongly-marked forehead, and steady penetrating glance of the Monk, were all that gave dignity to a meagre and wasted form, and to garments which, originally poor, had long lost even the homely grace of good preservation. The Dwarf bowed low to Paul, who held out his hand to him; but Lorenzo, instead of clasping it as an equal, kissed it like a subject; and when he had named the Englishman to the Monk, retired to the back of the apartment, where scarcely any light could penetrate, and there remained wrapped in his cloak, and with his arms crossed upon his breast. The Servite and the Cavalier stood together in the recess of a window, where the lattice was thrown open to admit the breezes from the sea, that stretched away to the horizon. The setting sun had robbed it, as a conqueror for his momentary triumph, in regal gold and purple. The gentle waves sparkled like jewels as they swelled and broke; and the sea-bird, which flew over the waters, seemed turned for an instant, while it shot across the radiant pathway of the sunbeams, into that glorious dove which descended of old over the bosom of Jordan. The light, tinted as if it had passed through some jewelled casement in the sapphire ramparts of the skies, illumined the bent frame and upturned countenance of the priest, and the gallant figure and youthful beauty of the courtly soldier, and showed, in all their contrasted singularity, the two distinguished men who, alike bold, able, and accomplished, though in such different fashions, were each interesting to the other, perhaps more than any among all their great contemporaries. The Monk looked earnestly, almost curiously, at his companion for some seconds; and then said:

'Aye, Sir, methinks I can see in that countenance the traces of the studies and the wisdom which fame has so loudly reported of. But there is also much which agrees better with this rich mantle and these glittering slashes than with the doctor's gown.'

The youth seemed surprised at the confidence of such an address; but answered: 'You would not interdict, good Father, something of that courtly splendour and soldierly array, which are common among the noble and the warlike?'

'No, my son,' said the Monk; 'but I may well wonder to see a stripling, who is both learned and loverlike, both an accomplished disputant in the schools, and a tried cavalier in the camp.'

'If all that your kindness supposes were true, is it not even such a character which chivalry demands from men; though, alas! it too often finds them bankrupt debtors?'

'Ah, my son! that fantastic dream of chivalry is not for our century. It was the rainbow seen amid the morning mist, which is beheld no more at noon; but we have well exchanged it for the all-cheering and all-maturing splendour of the mid-day sun!'

'Say, rather, that chivalry belongs not to age

or country; but, like that blessed sun, extends its benefits to all, and never wearies in its course.'

'Such is not my faith; and I am well persuaded that some romancer of a subtle, yet a solemn wit, might exhibit the choicest attributes that belong to your mystery and calling of chivalry, embodied in the person of a modern, and surrounded by all the circumstances of our day, so as to generate the contempt no less than the delight of all men. And therein would he, at the same time, shadow forth a larger meaning, and manifest the unceasing progress of the world through and out of its ancient modes of thought. Methinks, the grave and stately humour of the Spaniard, the cloak and mask of his facetiousness, point him out as the knight destined to slay your giant.'

'Now, heaven forbid!' said the Englishman, 'for I perceive that you apprehend the chivalry whereof I am an unworthy devotee, to mean a certain vain and frivolous attention to the forms and names, the symbols and ceremonies, and not to include, yea, to require, as the one necessary element, a living spirit of truth and honour. What is it, in fact, but the ultimate blossom, and finer fragrance of all that is excellent in man? To be a perfect knight, according to the old exemplars of virtue, demands learning, eloquence, piety, truth and justice, courage and charity, the mind to draw the sword in a good cause, and the hand to wield it with vigour.'

'Nay,' responded the monk with a faint smile, 'I knew not how large a domain, and how brilliant a diadem, you would claim for this queen whom you serve, this fair fancy. I presume you are ready to do battle with sword and shield, and to challenge me to the combat in her quarrel. I am practised in no such contests, and must decline perilling my poor gown against that silken jerkin of yours.'

'Father, you may well believe that I should prefer to strike a hundred strokes in your defence, than to make one against you. But if you say that I would die on the instant for my faith, in the possibility of chivalrous perfection, I trust that you but speak the truth. Give me but a good cause, and a worthy enemy, and I care little how soon the death-blow may come to Philip Sidney.'

'Ah! my young friend, is it indeed thus? Now, I warrant that you will have share in the first broil for the redress of injuries into which your generous heart can drag your strong hand, and that gay sword, which I saw you touch just now, when you spoke of a just cause, and a bold antagonist.'

'Even so, Father; I would risk much of peril to my person for the chance of rescuing misery or overthrowing oppression.'

'Alas!' said the monk, looking at him affectionately, 'if such is to be your course in such times as these, your fate will, indeed, be soon and bloody. But if the world is to lose you thus early, at least let the poor Servite, whom you have deigned to visit, retain a recollection of those accomplishments which I will believe to be as splendid as the glory of yonder sunset on the waters, and I fear will pass from among men as soon. Report calls you a poet. May I beg you to let me hear one of your madrigals, or sonnets?'

Sidney blushed, and replied: 'I recall not any of those trifles; but if you will listen to my first attempt, I will endeavour to imitate your countrymen in their improvisations.'

Accordingly, he composed and repeated, in Italian, some lines, which may be thus rudely turned into English:

'Sayest thou the meed
Of knightly deed
May not be found on earth?
No, 'tis not here,
Nor in the sphere
Of heaven's own bliss has birth.
It is not gold,
Nor can be sold,

Like jewels, for a price ;
And not with praise,
Or length of days,
Do Honour's paths entice.

Let thrones and crowns
Be sought by clowns—
They have no worth for me.
What are domains,
And spreading plains,
But baits to net the free?

I would not prize
A lady's eyes
That were not truth's own stars ;
She who would wile,
To make me vile,
Her beauty's brightness mars.

Then where is found,
In air or ground,
The meed great spirits love ?
In what lone nook
Must mortals look
Beneath them, or above ?

Within the breast,
By honour blest,
It springs, and grows, and blooms,
And ever lives,
And fragrance gives,
Amid the dust of tombs.

'I too, Sir,' said Father Paul, 'can return you a similar pleasure, if my friend Lorenzo will exert his customary kindness. Lorenzo, the lute is in the recess at your left, on the top of that pile of the "Acta Sanctorum."'

The Dwarf started from his quiet and concentrated attitude, and came forward, bearing the lute. The sun had all but sunk; and a single yellow ray penetrating the lattice, illuminated his melancholy and graceful features with a faint, but unnatural brightness. He touched the instrument at first feebly and irregularly, but afterwards with some vigour and more skill, while he sang such lines as these:

'Woe to the heart! 'twas thus it came,
That voice upon the night-wind streaming!
Woe to the heart that feels no flame,
When round it eyes and swords are beaming.

Woe to the heart! I heard and cried,
Thou need'st not say, thou boding spirit,
What sharp and bitter griefs betide
The souls that nought of hope inherit!

Woe to the heart! 'aye, every pulse
Confirms the doom by ceaseless aching;
And pangs that madden and convulse—
These, these attest my heart is breaking.'

For a moment after he had ended his song, the Dwarf remained absorbed in thought; and then, colouring deeply, turned in haste away. The Monk and Sir Philip Sidney bid each other farewell, and, followed by the mournfully contrasted figure of Lorenzo, the tall and gallant figure of the young Englishman disappeared from the eyes of the Servite, stooping to pass beneath his humble door.

CHAPTER III.

Sidney and the young Monteco entered the gondola together, and thus conversed. 'It is strange,' said the Englishman, 'that the learned Father should thus depreciate the nurse of all noble thoughts; the example of heroic virtue; the science which to understand thoroughly is to comprehend all divine and human knowledge; the art which to practise is to be accomplished in all honourable actions, and conspicuous for every deed of daring and endurance.'

'Ah,' replied Lorenzo, 'the statesmen of Venice are wise, and her soldiers brave, but,' and here he lowered his voice, 'in this city the trumpet of chivalry doth not sound; these walls send not forth their youth to generous or unprofitable enterprise; the light of Freedom sparkles not on these lagunes. How would you, that amid the palaces of despotic power, and the shops of greedy merchants; how would you, that amid so many prisons for the good, and so many haunts of pol-

lution for the evil, that sublime and stainless spirit which the gallant worship should have found a home or a temple?'

'Is it indeed thus?' Sidney began, but in so bold and free a tone, that the young Venetian bent forward, with his finger on his lips, and whispered, 'Hush!'

'Is it indeed thus,' and the Englishman now spoke in cautious accents, 'with beautiful and renowned Venice? Ah! ancient, proud, wealthy, and honourable city! Where, then, is the fruit of that good seed cast upon the waters of the Adriatic, by so many senators and chieftains? They sowed, but have not reaped.'

'Yes, they sowed wrong, and their country is reaping destruction. I, I, a Venetian Noble, have seen those things done within this city, which, if there be justice in heaven, will not keep silence before God, but cry aloud for vengeance;—deeds of which the end will be, that in very shame Venice will call upon the waves to cover her, and these palaces will moulder into the waters. The tyrant will become a slave; and she who is red with so many murders, shall perish in the bonds that she herself hath twisted. Aye, thou to whom the ocean, with all its dowry, was an obedient bride; to whom Ascalon, and Tyre, and Constantinople, were captives and servants,—shalt no longer have a place among the nations, nor a mast to show thy pennon on the waters, nor a tower to bear thy standard on the land.' While Lorenzo spoke thus in a low and earnest and thrilling tone, he looked up through the gloom at the lion of St. Mark, with a countenance of such fierce and resolved indignation, as would better have beseeemed a hostile General at the head of an armament, than the feeble and misshapen boy who sat by Sidney. The gondola stopped at the steps which led up to the Englishman's residence; but, as he was bidding farewell to Monteco, the youth looked round him fearfully, and whispered, 'In the name of God, and of mercy, let me speak with you here at the coming midnight!' In much wonder, Sidney consented; and the gondola shot away, and left him standing before the gate of his residence. The stars were glittering among clouds as thin and airy as the silver-twisted gauze of a Sultana's veil; and the broad tracts of dark blue sky, descending to the still deeper purple of the sea, bounded the horizon, except where the ranges of palaces, and the domes and towers of the city, displayed their long perspectives of massy shadow, their projecting cornices and pinnacles touched with light, and their various outlines standing sharp and clear against the firmament. The dip of the oars of boats which passed him at intervals along the canals, the songs of the gondoliers, the tinkling of musical instruments, and the hum of the swarming city, on the outskirts of which Sidney stood, made up a sound sufficiently continuous not to startle, sufficiently diversified to interest, and in which there was nothing jarring or inharmonious. The young poet received, half in reverie, half in attention, impressions far different from those which he had before experienced, either among the green turf and shadowy oaks, among the halls and cloisters, or in the busy cities of northern climates. He leaned upon a carved balustrade of the broad steps which rose from the water to the entry, and gazed, and mused, and gazed again, and listened to the sounds which breathed around him. And his thoughts wandered to the glades of England; and to the free and fearless loveliness of the forms which he had so often seen sweeping through those glades, or brightening, like so many sunbeams, the obscure depths of the forest. There came over his mind, like the dewy freshness of a summer breeze, the remembrance of those fair brows, those sparkling eyes, and delicate lips, which command so much of reverence, and win so much of love, but which seem to scorn the voluptuous homage, the only appropriate tribute to the luscious grace and impassioned splendour of the south. He sighed as he remembered; and he was fancying whether looks,

which were dearer to him than all the glorious beauty of Italy, might not at that moment be fixed upon the stars which he himself was contemplating, when he was roused by hearing sung, at no great distance, and apparently by a young voice, a serenade like the following.

'Slumber! away to the far East room,
Where spicy gales at evening come;
But close not the eyes
Which Love doth prize
More than the sweets of his heavenly home.

Grief! to thy darksome den begone;
Smite but the evil, thou evil one;
And touch not the breast
Where Love doth rest,
And triumphs to reign on so fair a throne.

Fly away, Fear! to hearts that hate—
Not upon us do thy demons wait;
For Faith is the shield
Which Love doth wield,
And it heeds not the iron shafts of fate.

But come, sweet thoughts! let all and delight
For her I love from the stars take flight.
Give dreams to the sad!
Love makes us glad
With real and waking joy to-night.'

He listened till the last note had ceased to whisper its sweetness along the water, and then entered his study to await the coming of Lorenzo. His thoughts turned into another channel, and he began to resolve, with some curiosity, what could have been the motive for the earnest and passionate supplication of the Dwarf. But he could think of no probable solution, and betook himself to the page of Dante.

CHAPTER IV.

The clocks of Venice sounded the hour of midnight, and Sidney was seated by a lamp, still awed and wrapped by the mournful genius of the great Florentine. His loose robe of dark silk, and the shadowy extent of the apartment, contrasted with the illumination thrown by the flame upon his noble features. Arms of armour, revealed by their partial gleamings, were scattered round the room, and hung upon the walls, intermingled with rich volumes, carved cabinets, and a few musical instruments; and his dagger, together with the miniature portrait of a beautiful maiden, lay before him on the table. The chamber became peopled with the sad and terrible beauty of the phantoms, whose tales he was perusing; and the fresh sea air had seemed to grow hot and stifling, when he was disturbed by the entrance of an attendant, whom the Dwarf closely followed. The servant departed. Again, as in the cell of the Monk, Lorenzo withdrew into shadow, and seated himself just beyond the circle of the lamp-light. He spoke as follows:

'You will think me weak, nervous, perhaps superstitious, but such is the influence of habitual apprehension, that I must fail to say, what I shall die to conceal, if you will not permit me to bar yonder door.'

Sidney looked surprised, but immediately rose and fastened the entrance. Lorenzo proceeded: 'If you are astonished at my requesting this interview, I can only assure you, that you will soon see sufficient cause for my boldness. If you are then offended, I can freely assert, that for the object I aim at, I would brave the displeasure of the blessed Saints; and, if I may say it without blasphemy, risk that of God himself.'

The Englishman assured him of his eagerness to learn in what way he could serve him.

'If I did not believe, nay, know such to be your generous nature, I should be aware that my present hopes are desperate. But I waste time, of which I have none to spare. Listen, Sir Englishman, I implore you, and believe that every syllable I shall utter, is as true as if it were spoken with the gulf of hell on my one side, and the gates of paradise on the other. I told you that I have a sister, and that every ear in Venice has heard it said she is in a convent at Rome.

our story. Somewhat more than eighteen years ago my father returned from the Levant, after having commanded the fleet against the Turks in a desperate action. In leading the boarders, he was wounded with his own hand, and taken prisoner, the Captain Pasha. This man was one of the most formidable enemies that Venice ever had. His return to his country would have endangered the safety of the state. He was given to the custody of his captor. My mother suspected, whether with reason or without I know not, that his life was in danger; and secretly induced him to refuse all food but such as it would be impossible to render dangerous. In my father's path, at first discovering her interference, he rebuked his wife to the ground. She then bore me in her womb, and I came into the world the unhappy being you have seen me. Three years afterwards was born my sister Isabel, and at the same time my mother perished. We grew up together, seldom seeing our only parent, and when we met, receiving from him but little kindness. She was the sole human being I saw who looked at me without contempt; we loved each other as none can love whose actions reach, and are returned by, all around us. She had none but me for a teacher; I none but her for a playmate. She was to me what was the olive-branch to the bird which flew from the ark, and but for that one twig would have found the world a watery desert. We read, sang, we talked only to each other; together we wrote chaplets for each other's heads; together we recounted all the little we knew of the past, and planned a common happiness for all we imagined of the boundless future. We had but one wish; and for a few years, I scarcely recollected I was an outcast, and a worm. The time passed on; as I grew nearer to manhood, my father remembered that he had a son, and occasionally employed me as his secretary; and at the same time, Isabel began to be occupied in learning some of those accomplishments which are thought necessary in society. Dancing and embroidery were arts which it was beyond my skill to reach. We did not live so constantly together; I—though, thank God that my affection for her never was diminished by the weight of one of my own shining hairs—I grew to a certain degree interested in the employment with which my father furnished me. But I was soon roused. I was fourteen when she first appeared in public; and, as sure as truth is brighter than falsehood, you, who have looked on the maidens of many lands, never saw a purer or more glorious than was then Isabel Monteco. Her form seemed to rise like a bird at every step over the earth she trod upon. Her eyes were the deep blue of a shrine, which the blaze of sacred lights and hallows; and every sound of voice might have been deemed the singing of a morning star. Such was not merely my impression; it was also the religion of all Venice. Compared with all I felt, how little did she know of her value! For others she was an object to be adored, a thing to be revered from afar; to me she was a blessing and an inspiration, an existence within my heart. How often she withdrew herself from the worship of the multitude, from the most splendid triumphs that genius and genius can achieve, to sing or read to me, to soothe my hours of uneasiness, and to delight to my moments of pleasure? 'Can a lady so divine,' eagerly interrupted I, 'have perished from the world like vulgar

suitors. The young, the beautiful, the brave, the noble, and the wealthy, and, in some cases, all these in one, crowded round her feet with their passion, and besieged my father with their rents and genealogies. Isabel cared not for any among her lovers, and repelled them all with gentle determination. But there was one who never addressed himself to her,—whom she had scarcely seen. Mark Soradino is encircled by the renown of many exploits, the suspicion of many crimes, the infamy of many vices. He is as bold, as skilful, and as unscrupulous a politician as Monteco, and shares with him the predominant interest in the state. But Soradino is stained by a thousand private excesses, from which my father is as free as is the cedar of the mountain from bowing its head into the mire, whereon the plume of the peacock falls and is polluted. In the instance of Soradino, it is rather the pinion of the vulture which stoops from its bloody crag to clog its feathers in the dust. Such was the man who dared to solicit my father for the hand of the holiest thing that God ever created. As well might he have asked for the cup and the wine of the sacrament, to be the means of his brutal intoxication. He was past the middle age, bloated, cruel, and debauched,—but he was the most powerful, and nearly the most wealthy, of our nobles. How well do I remember the morning on which, when we had scarce seen him for a month, my father entered the cabinet wherein my sister and myself were seated. We were both of us engaged in designing a figure of Psyche, the character in which she was about to appear at a masked ball. Monteco came into the room with a quicker step than usual, as if in haste to despatch some unimportant business, which detained him from more serious affairs. It is now a year since that fatal morning. Were it a million of years,—and to me it has, indeed, been an eternity of hell,—I could not have forgotten the playful loveliness of my sister, while she took her father's hand, and pressed it to her lips; nor was the cold and careless glance less memorable, with which alone he returned her salutation. To me he did not utter a syllable, nor give a single look. He said no more than this:—'Isabel, you must prepare to wed. A suitor, whom I approve of, has proposed himself; and in a month you will become a wife.' She seemed to be lost in utter astonishment. My father went on, 'Mark Soradino'—even then her habitual terror closed her lips, but she fell in a swoon upon the floor, at the feet of her parent. His wrath broke out. He ordered me to leave the room, and send the women, 'and mark, you need not return hither. For the present, you are confined to your chamber.' I never saw my sister more.'

'Great God! was she murdered?' said the Englishman.

'No; but she is subjected to a fate, compared with which, the stiletto or the poison would have been a gift of mercy. A few days after, it was publicly announced that Isabel Monteco had departed to visit for a time a relation, who is Abbess of a Convent at Rome; and that, on her return in a few months, she would become the bride of Soradino. I inquired, at the first opportunity, from the nurse of Isabel, as to the time, mode, and object of this journey. At first, she would give me no other information than that such and such things were ordered to be said by Monteco. When I asked her as to the facts themselves, she was silent. At last, she burst into tears, and entreated me to inquire nothing till a future opportunity, but, in the meantime, to give her a hundred ducats, with the aid of which, she doubted not to be able to gain a sufficient answer. I gave her the money; and the next day, the moment my father departed for the council, she entered my apartment. For some time she let me hear nothing but exclamations and wailings. When, however, I had thus far indulged her, she informed me that she had succeeded in bribing one

of the servants, named Ludovico, to tell her all he knew; by giving him a sum large enough to carry him beyond the power of Venice, and to pay him for the risk. He had escaped from the city the instant he had told his story. He, and another ruffian named Pietro, had, it seems, been employed the very night of the day on which I last saw Isabel, to bind her arms, and cover her mouth, and convey her in secrecy to a dungeon in the foundations of our palace. On recovering from her swoon, she had, doubtless, ventured to tell my father that she never would obey him, by subjecting herself to the pollution and misery of a marriage with Soradino. Such was Ludovico's information, and such the fate to which my sister was doomed, and which she still suffers.'

'Do not mock me, Signor. A young and delicate lady shut up for a year in a solitary prison, and that in her father's house!'

'By heaven, I swear it to be true. Were there a doubt, I should not now be here to implore your assistance. I myself have found means to visit, and that frequently, the door of the cell. Through a narrow loop-hole, too high to be reached by any thing but the voice, we have spoken with each other. O God! how have I raved before the barrier which kept me from my sister! How have I smote the iron door, till my hands were broken and bloody! But I have been maddened in vain; and have had reason in nothing but my despair!' Then a burst of sorrow and tears stopped for a time the utterance of the unhappy boy.

The Englishman mused for a short time before he spoke: 'Against a man so powerful as the Lord Monteco, I can easily believe that no laws, existing in Venice, could afford protection. But still some thing may, doubtless, be done; if not by the laws, yet in spite of them.'

'It is in the confidence of your so thinking, that I come here. For months I had almost resigned the hope of achieving my sister's deliverance. The iron resolution of Monteco—I would be as easy to move St. Marc with a finger! No Venetian would dare, for the wealth of all my house, to cross my father's path. But you—from the moment I first heard you speak as you did, the last evening, to Father Paul—from that moment I knew I had fallen on one who, with no hope of reward, no aim but the relief of misery, would venture and perform all that talents, and courage, and enterprise can accomplish. And do not suppose that I would diminish the danger of the attempt, for the purpose of disparaging your valour, when I say that you will encounter a risk, which, terrible as it is, is yet incomparably slighter than it would be if you were a Venetian citizen.'

'Think not of my danger, my friend, but of the means of success. Life is only valuable in proportion as we can improve our own nature, and show the fruits of that improvement in deeds of mercy and generosity.'

CHAPTER VI.

At the time when these words were spoken,—about an hour, that is, after midnight,—Pietro, the servant of Adrian Monteco, was seated in the ante-chamber of his master's bed-room, which was as yet untenanted by its wakeful and laborious owner. This brave and unscrupulous attendant was every way worthy of his employer. He was of a bulky, yet sufficiently active form; hardened by long military exercises, and covered with many scars. His rude and vulgar, but bold and cunning expression, shown red in the lamp-light, was the exact picture of his mind. He was now employed in sharpening and polishing, with peculiar care, some choice weapons which lay on a table before him, beside a flask of rich wine, and a large glass, to which he frequently had recourse. He muttered to himself, while he pursued alternately his labour and his enjoyment; each of which, however, yielded probably an equal gratification to his sensual and bloody nature.

CHAPTER V.

The narrative of the Dwarf proceeded as follows: 'You may well believe that so fair a creature as my sister, the daughter of a man so powerful as Monteco, was speedily surrounded by

'The foul fiend seize that Jacopo Boudini, whom I commissioned to buy this Milan dagger! Satan! did I give him five ducats for a lump of iron, which would no more slip past a bone than through a stone wall? It will do, however, if he comes within my reach, to prick the throat of the Jew, and teach him more conscience when he deals with me again.' With this consolation, he returned the despised weapon to its sheath, and filled out a liberal glass of wine. 'San Marco! this Monte Pulciano is the right liquor—for any one but a servant of Adrian Monteco,' he added hastily, as he heard the slow step of that formidable Noble sounding along the corridor. He quickly disposed of the bottle and glass behind a large crucifix which stood in a niche of the apartment; and, without hiding the arms, opened the door for his master. It was among the symptoms of Monteco's distrustful temper, that he never admitted to his sleeping chamber, while he himself was there, any more graceful or practised attendant than Pietro,—fearing, probably, to be taken at unawares, and unprotected by the secret armour which he always wore but when at rest. This trusted follower now preceded him into the bed-room, and lighted a large lamp which hung from the ceiling. It completely illuminated the wide and splendid room, hung with tapestry, whereon were embroidered the exploits of Cæsar. Much of the furniture was of a massy and semi-barbaric richness, which showed it to be the produce of his victories over the Mohammedans. He flung himself into a large and gorgeous chair, covered with crimson velvet, and undid some of the buttons on the breast of his rich doublet, so as to show the blue gleam of the metal underneath. His face was pale with toil and anxiety; but there was in the features no expression of weakness or lassitude. The spirit was sufficient to every occasion, and to the longest and most wearisome labours.

'Pietro,' he said, 'draw your sword, and guard the outer-door. Slay the Doge, if he should attempt to enter. I am going to see her.'

'My Lord,' said Pietro.

'What, Sir?' answered Monteco, fiercely.

'My Lord, I must be so bold as to tell you, that you will never succeed with her; not, at least, until you can make the Grand Turk a Christian.'

'What know you of these matters?'—But go on!

'When I carried her bread and her cruise of water, to the Signora this morning, I asked her through the loop-hole how she felt; and she answered, "I feel that I shall soon escape from your cruelty!"'

'How mean you—escape, did she say?'

'Aye, my lord; but when I told her that the walls were as thick, and the bolts as strong, as ever, she said, "It boots not to converse with thee; but he who will free me is stronger than thou or thy master, even death!"'

'Psha! Pietro?' (but his lip quivered while he said it); 'go on, however; what saidst thou next, or what said the other fool to thee?'

'I asked her, whether she were not an obstinate rebel, and deserving damnation?'

'Now, by all the saints, villain, didst thou speak thus to my daughter? But I am a fool to be moved by thy insolence to a jade such as she is.'

'I asked her, what she did not deserve for choosing to die rather than obey her father, and whether she had not better consent to come out of that dismal vault, and wed the noble Senator Soradino? But all she said was, "Leave me, leave me, and torment me no longer with his name. I shall soon be where it can never be pronounced with favour, unless the angels delight in evil." This was all that passed between us, my lord.'

'Begone, as I told thee, and guard the door.'

He took a bunch of keys out of a bronze cabinet, seized a lamp, and opened a pannel in the wainscot of the ante-chamber, through which he disappeared, leaving Pietro to watch against surprise.

Even that hardened ruffian somewhat doubted, as was evident in the last conversation, whether the vengeance inflicted upon the unhappy girl were not inconsistent with that small remnant of kindly feeling which alone he professed to entertain. He shut the door through which Monteco had first entered the room, as well as that through which he had departed, not liking to see the black recesses of shade which they disclosed. He trimmed his lamp, and brought out the flask from behind the crucifix, to wash down his scruples. He sat down; and then suddenly stood up again, and walked about the room. He loosened his sword in the scabbard; he hummed a tune; and then took a second draught of the Monte Pulciano. But all would not do. He could not bring the imprisonment of a gentle girl by her own father in a deadly prison, under the same class of peccadilloes as ordinary robberies and murders. In short, to escape from the qualms of his conscience, the worthy swordsman almost resolved to cut his master's throat, and fly to the mainland with all the property he would be able to lay his hands on. How this half-conceived plan was defeated, will appear hereafter.

CHAPTER VII.

In the mean time Monteco descended the winding staircase, till it brought him upon a level with the surface of the canal. He then moved forward rapidly through the labyrinth of vaults which supported his palace. After opening more than one iron gate, which cut off all communication with the neighbourhood of her prison, various passages of great length, and all in complete darkness, except where the lamp he held illumined them, conducted him, at last, within sight of a low and massy door. A narrow slit above enabled a tall man, by reaching upwards, to drop into the prison whatever was not too large to pass the orifice; and it was thus that the provisions of the miserable captive were daily introduced. As Monteco drew near, he heard his daughter singing, with feeble and lingering notes. He heard her, however, but for an instant. So soon as he had gained that point at which the light could pierce the loop-hole, so as to inform the prisoner that some one was approaching, the song ended in a groan. Even Monteco paused for a moment at the door, and his hand moved slowly to unfasten the bar which confined it. He entered the dungeon, but the maiden was not there. She had passed from its outer to its inner division, and was kneeling before a rude stone figure of the Virgin, which stood in a corner of the cell. This image had become very dear and holy to her, as the only symbol of comfort contained in her narrow dwelling. A small grated window, in this division of the prison, threw for a few hours of the day a faint beam upon the form of the Madonna. She had so long ceased to hope, that she did not even look round when she heard the grating of the door; and when she recognised her father's footsteps, she pressed closer to the wall, and buried her head in her hands.

'What,' said Monteco, 'you will not deign to look upon me?'

The complying girl turned her head for an instant; but, dazzled with the light, and terrified at her father's presence, again averted her face. That glance startled her parent, and he was silent, till, recovering herself with an effort, she leaned against the wall, looked at him, and endeavoured to stand up; but she was too feeble, and she fell with her face upon the stones. Monteco lifted her with one strong grasp, and seated her on a stone bench, built into the wall close to where he stood. She regained her senses in a few seconds, and her gaze wandered round the dungeon, till at last she fixed her eyes upon his face, when she sunk slowly upon her knees, and, clinging to his cloak, shrieked with all the

strength of her faint voice, 'O! Father, Father, save me.' He again raised her; but he this time continued to support the form which trembled so violently as almost to escape from his hand. He watched her shrunk and pallid face, while he said, 'Foolish and disobedient girl, for that purpose I am come hither. I have visited thee only that I may save thee from those consequences of thy own madness, which, if it continue, must as inevitably follow as the blood flows from a wound.'

'A wound—a wound—oh, that you would bestow upon me a mortal one!'

'This is trifling. Do as I command; and you shall have freedom, wealth, honour, and pleasure. Disobey me, and this cell shall remain your dungeon till it becomes your tomb.'

'I have often prayed to God that it were so already.'

'Yes; I doubt not you would willingly escape from performing your filial duties, by escaping at the same time from life. But mark me—what will be your doom hereafter if you die without the rites of the church?'

'Oh God!' said the terrified girl, 'will you permit him to kill both soul and body?'

Monteco replied, without hesitation, though with something of a subdued sneer, 'God himself hath commanded you to honour your father. Think you he will fail to punish your rebellion?'

'Alas! Alas! what shall I do, holy Mother!' she proceeded, looking at the image of the Virgin, 'save me from sin!'

'Nothing can save you from sin, and from misery, unless you marry Marco Soradino.'

'Never,' she replied, while her father hastily grasped at his dagger, and she fell for the third time to the ground. But he returned the half-drawn weapon to its sheath, and listened to her while she said, 'Father, you may do with me what you will. The blow that would at once destroy—but for that I may not hope—the rack that would crush my limbs, the imprisonment from the very air of heaven, which will achieve what it has already half accomplished, the overthrow of my reason—any thing that you will you may subject me to, for you can. And not on me be the responsibility; but in wedding the wretch Soradino, I should bring down guilt and pollution on my own soul. I should swear love, where there is abhorrence; respect, where there is disgust; fidelity to one whose touch would be contamination; and obedience to him whose every word and thought is evil. Your cruelty has denied me light and motion, and almost breath, and debarred me from communion with my kind, till my own words sound strange in my ears, and I scarce know what are my own thoughts; but I have one feeling as strong as on the day I was shut into this prison—it is loathing for the name of Soradino. He shall never have my hand till it is that of a maniac or a corpse.'

'Now, by heaven, by the memory of my sires, that malignant spirit shall be broken. The Roman Father had the power of life and death over his children: and for them the Turk hath still the narrow rack, and the deep sea. If there be privations that can wear, or torments that can crush obstinacy, thou shalt wed the man I have chosen.'

He turned to leave the dungeon; and his departing form was clearly defined to the eyes of his daughter by its interception of the light of the lamp he carried,—a mournful emblem of the paternal interference which deprived her life of all its natural illumination. He was stooping under the low portal, when she threw herself towards him with all her remaining energy, and exclaimed—'O! my father, I have sinned against heaven.'—He turned his head, and interrupted her—'Will you then at last return to your obedience? Do you perceive the necessity as well as the duty of wedding the bridegroom I have chosen?'

'Hear me,' she cried in accents of piercing yet broken supplication, 'hear me before you again depart. A prisoner who never sees the sun has little means or inclination to keep count of time; yet if I remember right, it must now be nearly four months since I last saw you. Why, when God was perhaps prompting you to relent, and to depart from the commission of this great wrong, why did some evil spirit put into my heart to answer you, my father, with words of defiance and almost of scorn. Rather I will implore you, by the faith of Christ, and by the memory of my mother, to abstain from urging me into this hateful prostitution. I have been told, that my birth cost my mother her life. Oh! if she were now living, how would her unstained conscience and matron purity have been outraged by the attempt to force her only child into the arms of a ruffian and a debauchee. Nay, must you not believe that at this moment her holy spirit can see through the gloom of this dungeon, and pierce into the recesses of that heart which was a sworn offering to her, but which you have hardened against her daughter with plates of steel, as if you dreaded that I would raise my feeble hand against your life.'

Monteco did not attempt to interrupt her; but nearly the only touch of human feeling which he displayed during the whole of this agonizing interview, was the almost unconscious action by which he drew his cloak over his breast so as to hide the cuirass. For he had thought it necessary to place a mantle on his shoulders when entering, but for a quarter of an hour, the vaults in which his child had been imprisoned for a year.

Isabel went on with an impassioned and almost frenzied vehemence, to which her physical strength but ill responded: 'Alas! when as an infant I climbed your knees,' and again she embraced his knees as she spoke, 'when you seemed almost pleased that my little hands should play with your chains of honour, and well-won badges, if some wizard had predicted to you that while yet scarce more than a child, I should be grovelling at your feet on the floor of a dungeon, to entreat with a voice worn and hoarse, by many mouths of sighs and lamentations, for the enjoyment of the common air, for the preservation of my life, for that choice in the bestowal of my person, which is granted to the poorest fisherman's daughter in Venice, to the rudest herdswoman of the mountains,—if this had been foretold you when I was an infant by your side,—would you not have obtained from the Tribunals, that the lying prophet should be scourged and branded for defaming a noble of the Republic?'

Monteco now broke in with that cold, yet wrathful tone, which is of all the best fitted, when uttered by the stronger party, at once to silence complaint, and defy remonstrance.

'Fool!' said he, 'how long shall this raving last?'—'Nay speak to me not, my Father,' replied the maiden, 'in that fierce and bitter accent. O! will you not relent for an instant, and give me but one glance of the earth and the heaven, and that dear balcony with all my flowers, where I used to sit with Lorenzo, and watch for the return of your gondola from the council? Grant me to see my poor brother but an hour, and indeed, indeed, Father, I will not ask for more. It is very hard for me to die so young in the darkness and damp of this prison. I used to be so happy when you let me run as I pleased, from my chamber into the shade of the veranda, and again to my lute and my embroidery. But since I have been shut up here, my heart has grown cold, and my brain has learned to whirl round from week to week, giddy, and sick, and weary, and burning.' She raised herself feebly from her knees, and half ventured to embrace him, and to approach her face to his, while she sobbed out, 'can you not see, dear, dear Father, how my poor cheeks are shrunk in? and I am sure they must be as withered as dead rose-leaves. But unless you are kind to your poor Isabel, I shall never see a rose again.'

The father did not attempt to return her caress; he stood firm as a granite column, while he said with a calm and determined utterance—

'Isabel, it is for you to yield, and not for me. You shall see the sun rise this morning over the Adriatic, on the one condition, that you wed Mark Soradino.' Her eyes closed before he spoke the detested name, and while he pronounced it, she fainted and fell backwards. He made no attempt to support her; but withdrew and left her in complete darkness. He then carefully and deliberately fastened the door, and regained his chamber.

CHAPTER VIII.

Monteco found Pietro on his post. He did not say one word to his attendant of the result of his visit; but, accomplished dissembler as he was, his confidant readily perceived some unwonted perturbation of the lip, and some additional compression of the brows. The Noble merely said: 'Take care of the door, and dispose yourself as usual. I shall want no aid to-night in preparing for rest. Let me be awakened the moment any despatches arrive.' So saying, he passed from the ante-chamber into the inner apartment; having locked the door which had admitted him to the vaults. For the hundredth time he unfolded the copy of the contract binding him to forfeit all his estates on the main land, provided his daughter did not wed Soradino before her sixteenth year. He read it word by word in hopes to find a flaw, or loop-hole, or defence of some kind. But his subtle brain was at fault; he returned the parchment to its case, and flung off his cloak. His mind was intensely and painfully sensitive with regard to every thread in those meshes of public and private policy, wherewith he had spent his life in surrounding himself. He was heated, disturbed, and anxious; and when he had hastily laid aside his coat of mail, and his weightier garments, he put on a silken wrapper, drank a large dose of a strong narcotic, and threw himself upon his couch, to obtain if possible those few hours of sleep which were necessary for enabling him to think with vigour and clearness of his present situation. Pietro, half-determined to revolt from his master, half retained in awe of his predominant spirit, drew, as usual, a pallet across the door-way which opened between Monteco's chamber and the ante-room, and stretched himself upon it. Wine, fatigue, and watching were omnipotent, and he was speedily in a deep sleep. Mean time Sidney and Lorenzo had made their preparations; and at three in the morning they set out for the Monteco Palace. The night was fortunately dark. They made their boatmen, whom they knew they could so far trust, avoid both the main entrance, and a large arch at one corner of the building, opening on the water from the vaults, among which Isabel was confined. Within both of these entrances, as the Dwarf well knew, armed retainers of his father stood centinels. He rowed them to the other corner which joined the canal; and Lorenzo gave a low whistle, after which, in a few seconds, a window near the top of the palace opened, and a rope ladder was let down. The nurse of Isabel had agreed to secure in this way the undiscovered return of her young master. They gave the gondolier his directions, and mounted singly and safely. They then traversed the vast silent palace till they reached the corridor, which led to the chamber of Monteco. The portraits of a long and illustrious line looked cold and motionless from the walls on their descendants. The pair stopped at some distance from the door of the ante-room, before a recess of some depth. In this Sidney was to conceal himself. 'Wait my return,' said Lorenzo, 'for a quarter of an hour, unless in the mean time you should hear a noise in yonder apartments; in the latter case, or otherwise, at the end of the time appointed, make your escape as secretly as you can to the ladder by which we entered, and so depart. I fear in that case you will have to swim at least as far as to the spot

where we are to find the gondola. I shall be able to give you no assistance, for if you do not see me before the time, and undiscovered, my doom is fixed. The young soldier stood in the recess so hidden, that a strong and general light would have been necessary to render him observable. He laid his hand upon his sword, and held his breath. Meantime Lorenzo went on his way to the door of the ante-room. He opened it with a pass key; and between him and his father's chamber Pietro lay, stretched upon his pallet, with a sword on his pillow, and a dagger in his hand. To pass him was impossible; and moreover the descent to the vaults was through a pannel of that very chamber. If he continued to live, the fate of Isabel was certain. The Dwarf listened for a moment whether he could hear a stir in his father's bed-room; he then took from his pocket a small essence box, opened it, and knelt beside the sleeping ruffian, holding in one hand the lamp, so as to afford himself light, and not to shine on the eyes of the slumberer. With the other hand he held under the nostrils of Isabel's gaoles the little scent-box. It contained a sponge, saturated with some chemical preparation. But whatever may have been the composition of the liquid, its vapour had a speedy and powerful effect. The brow of the sleeper had been bent and menacing; his lips worked rapidly, his hands were clenched, and the blood coursed in the arteries of his temples, and his face was flushed and dark. The intent and noiseless Dwarf held the box with motionless fingers; and his slow quiet breathing, contracted eye-brows, and closed lips, marked his resolution, and his power of restraining his own eagerness. After he had remained in this posture for the space perhaps of three minutes, the forehead of the victim relaxed, his cheeks grew pale, the veins of his temples sank, and his mouth no longer moved. His whole form became languid and loose, instead of being gathered up and distorted; and the poinard dropped from his fingers, and would have fallen upon the floor, but that the wary boy set down the essence-box on the pallet, and caught the dagger as it fell. Perhaps to retain his own stiletto, perhaps for the mere convenience of using the weapon which he held in his hand, Pietro being now so completely in a swoon, as to make it certain that he would neither shriek nor groan under the death-blow, the Dwarf lifted the dagger with an untrembling arm and watchful eye,—but paused for a moment to listen and discover if Adrian Monteco were awake, when, being satisfied that he had distinguished the breathings of his sleeping parent, he lifted the weapon again, but not this time to arrest it in its descent. It came down straight, and steady, and flash-like, and was buried to the hilt in the heart of the retainer. The blood started from the wound, and covered the right hand of Lorenzo. But the sleeping bulk remained motionless and silent. And so the deed was done. The Dwarf well knew that Sidney would have been likely to scruple at, if not to resist such an action, and had concealed from him every thing, but the one fact, that he was about to attempt gaining possession of the keys of Isabel's dungeon. Before he proceeded to undertake the yet more hazardous part of the enterprise, he looked down for a moment with a smile of grim and resolved triumph on the corpse, which, a moment previously, had been a living soul; and then, as through all that had gone before, since he first began to act instead of meditating, he seemed changed from a weeping and despairing boy, into a firm, subtle, and venturesome man. He gently and fearfully drew aside the pallet with its burthen, sufficiently to enable him slightly to open the door of the chamber. He opened it at first but a hairs-breadth, and found that there was light within, which would prevent any danger of disturbing Monteco, by a sudden glare, and would make the use of a lamp unnecessary. He therefore laid down that which he carried; and stood for a considerable time listening to the breath-

ing of his father. It was heavy and irregular, starting into ejaculations, and broken with mutterings. The Dwarf was satisfied that there was sufficient chance of success to justify him in attempting the enterprise. He entered the chamber through the narrow opening, which was all he had room to make, and looked around him. He never before had been in the apartment in which his father slept. He faltered for a moment. But there was sufficient before him to give him new courage; for on a small carved table, close to the bedside of his parent, were laid a purse of gold, a small flask of wine, several written papers, and lastly, a bunch of keys. To these it was that the longings of Lorenzo were directed. The slumberer pronounced faintly, 'Your dagger, your dagger! Beltramo, make no half-blows.' The Dwarf started at hearing these recollections of secret and bloody deeds; but he immediately stepped forward with a stealthy pace, and had gained the middle of the chamber, when again he heard, in the hasty and imperfect accents of a dream, 'Ah! all, all my lands,—Monte Rico, Pallici, Orana,—ay, they must all go. Had she not died in prison, by heaven, she should have wedded Soradino.' But these fearful workings of the slumberer's menacing and ambitious spirit, only gave additional earnestness to the resolution of the boy, and before the sentence was accomplished, his hands were on the keys. He left a crimson mark upon the spot from which he lifted them, and the same red witness was visible in a line along the floor, where the drops had trickled down his fingers, to the oriental carpet. The slumberer was silent, and when he murmured again in his disturbed sleep, Lorenzo was too far to hear the sound. He slid through the narrow opening of the door, drew it gently after him, and then disposed the pallet and the corpse as much as possible, after the manner in which they looked before he had done the slaughter. To avoid attracting Sidney's attention, he washed his hands of the blood in a vase of water, which was intended for the use of his father, and then, for the first time, found leisure to contemplate his prize, to clasp it to his breast, and hastily repeat a thanksgiving. But every moment made the awaking of Monteco more probable, and he hurried off to the young Englishman. He found him tranquil, watchful, and hitherto undisturbed by any noise. They entered the anti-chamber together, and the boy who held the lamp, so carried it as not to throw its rays upon the spot where lay the cold and gory carcase. They readily discovered the key of the door which led to the staircase, and they soon accomplished the winding descent to the vaults. By day these were readily accessible through the archway which opened on the canal, and Lorenzo had frequently traversed them. Through a narrow break in the walls, which his small form had enabled him to penetrate, he had even been able to get beyond the places where the various iron gratings would have been interposed between him and the dungeon, and more than once had thus reached its door. But he had now the keys, which would open these obstructions. Before, however, they had reached the first of them, they found themselves in a spot from which several gloomy isles, and vast chambers of shadow branched, while in one direction, after creeping silently round a pillar, behind which they had deposited their lamp, Lorenzo pointed out to Sidney a faint broad glimmer, through which a few points of light were seen to twinkle. 'There,' said the Dwarf in a whisper, 'a sentinel is stationed. Through that passage we must reach our boat; and the first of our proceedings must be to master and gag him. I have told you how this can be done; we must now attempt it.' A double range of low columns divided the vault, and they stole along the wall, and left the centre for the pacing of the soldier, for such he was by profession, though now in the service of Monteco. His measured, but careless tread, the clanging of his weapons against the stones, and the

snatches of military songs, with which he amused his leisure, sounded from afar through the vault, and served to conceal the stealthy noise of their approach. They reached almost the end of the aisle, and felt the wind blow colder on their cheeks, while they placed themselves between two of the pillars. The soldier was wrapped in his cloak, and walked so rapidly up and down the outermost twenty yards of the vista, that he had passed and repassed them several times before they had arrived in their slower progress at the point they had pitched upon. When they stood ready for the onset, their unconscious antagonist was at the farthest part of this walk from them; he turned, and came towards them, and when he was opposite their stations, and in the act of turning to measure back his footsteps, Sidney seized his arms behind, while Lorenzo flung a cloak over his head, and prevented him from shouting for help. They then forced the soldier to stretch his tall form upon the ground, and tied his hands, and more completely gagged his mouth; after which, they proceeded half to carry, half to drag him, into the interior of the vaults, where he would not be likely to be found, by those who would come to relieve him. Here, having selected a pillar, in which an iron chain was fixed, they bound the captive to it with many convolutions, and left him in solitude and darkness.

CHAP. IX.

They again seized their lamp, and hastened on their way. The keys which Lorenzo had bought, at so bloody and fearful a price, opened the iron barriers; and they speedily reached the door of the cell. It, too, was readily unfastened by Sidney, for the trembling Monteco was too agitated to find the lock. The Dwarf rushed into the prison, shouting, 'Isabel! my sister! I am here.' There was no answer, and the boy began to look in horror towards his companion, and whispered, 'O! heaven! has she perished?' Sidney, however, who had not entered the narrow apartment, heard a feeble moaning, and, on looking more closely, they found, stretched before the doorway, the miserable and half-lifeless girl. In his first eagerness, Lorenzo had sprung into the dungeon, over that which was almost the corpse of his sister. They lifted up her weak and trembling weight, and, for one instant, she opened her eyes, but shuddered, and again closed them, apparently, without having observed who they were who supported her. The boy began to tear his hair, and almost sank to the earth, but Sidney pointed out to him, that the best chance of reviving the maiden would be afforded by bearing her to the open air,—a measure which would also facilitate their escape. The Englishman raised her in his arms, where she lay like a withered and trampled flower, and bore her through the dark chill vaults, and sounding passages, to the arch which they had before visited. He whistled slightly, and after his signal had been returned, a gondola shot rapidly to his side. By this time the fresh air had, in some degree, restored Isabel, who had not previously recovered from the mournful state in which she was left by her father. They lifted her from the vault into the gondola, which bore them to the residence of Sidney. They there found a larger boat, in which were several of the cavalier's attendants, splendidly appointed and armed. They conveyed their master, together with Lorenzo and Isabel, for a few miles beyond the harbour, and Sidney then accompanied them on board a swift-sailing vessel, which he had hired to carry them to Ravenna. The dawn began to open before they entered the ship, and, while they raised the lady up its side, the full light of the morning broke, and breathed around her in all its glory. A year before she had been as fresh and lovely as that day-spring. She was now wasted, and bent by suffering. The light of her large dark eyes was gone: her cheeks were pallid and lifeless; and through the loose coarse robe which encircled her, her once bounding and graceful limbs were seen to

fall over-wearied and motionless. Her little hand was thin, and quivering with a convulsive tremor, and the blue but pulseless veins rose in ridges on its meagre whiteness. Her long black hair fell round her, as if it already encircled her with the shadow of death. She remained a long time in the cabin of the vessel, tended by a poor man who was going from Venice to a convent of nuns, at Ravenna. At last she desired to be borne on deck; and she was seated on cushions on the poop, supported by Lorenzo. Sidney, from a little distance, contemplated this wreck of so much beauty and gladness. Amid all that form and face recorded of past misery, and foretold of quick decay, he perceived the evidence of traces and relics of splendid loveliness. Every feature, though now writhed by long agony, and subdued almost to death, was framed in delicate and exquisite proportion; and it was easy to discern that those pale and shrunken lips were rather designed for the laugh of a glad heart, and the kisses of affection, than for breathing the dank noisomeness of a solitary dungeon. The maiden looked round her feebly at the bright smooth sea and the blue sky, and bursting into tears, laid her head on the breast of Lorenzo as he knelt beside her. He kissed her eyes, and spoke to her in words of hope and consolation. But she answered, with a broken and hesitating voice, 'I deceive not myself, my brother, I shall not live to see the setting of yonder sun. But for the kindness and courage which rescued me from— but for you, I should now have been a corpse. Yet I thank you with all my broken heart, before I perish, I breathe the breath of heaven and look upon the sky, and upon you, Lorenzo. Amid some recollected snatches of their childhood, amid many words and gestures of affection and sighs of adoration, some solemn tears, and some dim smiles, she lived the last hours of her life. She died before the evening, and was buried in a small cemetery near the shore.

Monteco did not long survive her. He was assassinated by a young Greek, who had spent several years in seeking an opportunity to revenge upon him some terrible cruelty which long previously he had perpetrated or permitted, against the family of the murderer. The death of Isabel cancelled the contract with Soradino, and Lorenzo inherited the estates of his family; but he transferred them all to a monastery of Benedictines, in which he himself assumed the gown on condition that he was permitted to build a cell and live as a hermit in the burial-ground which held the dust of his sister. He, too, died in his youth, even before the day which robbed the world of Sir Philip Sidney.

MR. ROBERTSON.

The aeronaut, ascended in a balloon on the 22d of last, at Berlin, in the presence of the King and the Royal family. He rose to the height of three thousand feet, when he let loose pigeons, and threw away the placards. He effected his descent at the distance of two miles from the city.

MOLIERE.

A discovery has been made by M. Fourrier, (one of the Secretaries to the Academy of Sciences), which he has communicated to that body, that a large trunk of unpublished manuscripts of the great dramatist was deposited, after his death, in a chateau of Normandy, at a place called Ferrière, where it had been ascertained to have existed at no very distant period. M. F. has great hopes that his exertions for the attainment of the manuscripts will be shortly crowned with success; and we trust that he will prove a 'Fouquier des bonnes Nouvelles.'

FREDERIC THE GREAT.

Was overturned one day in his carriage, when the philosopher of Sans Souci evinced any thing but stoicism at the accident. After having most liberally vented his anger on the coachman, he asked what he could say in excuse of his want of skill. 'Did you never lose a battle?' was the interrogatory of the fearless Jean. The King was instantly pacified.

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre—Tuesday.

THE opera of 'Medea' was again repeated this evening to a full, and considering the lateness of the season, a most fashionable audience. We cannot refrain from congratulating the public, although at the expense of the managers, at the gradual return of the good old times, when you might enter the pit at the commencement of the overture without being doomed to stand throughout the opera. The crowd of single half-guinea visitors appears to have exhausted itself, and the theatre to have relapsed, as far as the present temperature of the atmosphere will allow, into all its wonted comfort and enjoyment. Madame Pasta certainly never exerted herself to greater effect than on the present evening; she worked so strongly upon the feelings of more than one fair auditor, as totally to overcome their self-possession, and to render them her momentary rivals in the sympathy of the house. Madame Pasta's efforts were fully appreciated; we have never witnessed more enthusiastic applause than that which greeted her re-appearance after the opera. In the orchestra, Mr. Oury, in the absence of Spagnoli, who, we regret to hear, is indisposed, makes a most active and efficient leader, and the opera went off throughout with considerable spirit.

We have ultimately to record the production of an entirely new ballet,—a circumstance of such rare occurrence in the later annals of the Opera, that we are tempted to bestow a few more words upon the trifle than what it perhaps intrinsically merits. It is the production of Monsieur Anatoli, and is founded upon the loves of Diana and Endymion. The present version of the story is simple, and may be told in a few words.

Callisto, (Mademoiselle Brocard,) one of Diana's nymphs, is seduced by Cupid from the rigid tenets of the followers of the goddess, and falls in love with a shepherd named Corydon, personated by Monsieur Daumont. Diana, (Madame Anatoli,) discovers the happy pair in one of their most tender *entretiens*, and promptly evinces all the indignation becoming the goddess of Chastity. To all entreaties for forgiveness she is inflexibly deaf, and spurns so rudely the intercession of Cupid, that the *amour propre* of the little divinity is roused, and a vow made to make this paragon of hard-hearted damsels feel the entire force of his all-conquering weapons. Endymion, (Monsieur Gosselin,) is deemed a fit agent for his revenge, and is therefore immediately brought upon the scene. The swain sees Diana, and falls not only immediately in love, but almost as speedily asleep. During his slumbers, a little episode, entitled 'Le Palais des Songes,' is created and dissolved. Diana returns soon after alone and fatigued with the chase; she discovers Endymion, and while contemplating with admiration his *physique*, drops accidentally her bow, and awakens the youth. Endymion proves, however, somewhat deficient in courage, until urged on by a judicious application of Cupid's torch. The goddess still is not to be easily won, and the shepherd, by way of adding another act to the many furies of 'How to die for love,' seizes an arrow from her quiver, and threatens self-destruction. The goddess, of course, cannot resist so desperate a proof of affection, and, surrounded by a host of little loves, she eventually throws herself into the arms of Endymion. The traitress, Callisto, in consequence of the new order of things, is forthwith pardoned, and received again into favour; a general rejoicing ensues, until the approach of night, when the goddess, after faithfully promising to call again on the first opportunity, starts in a car on the same road as Medea, with the usual quantum of blue, instead of red, fire. 'Un tableau général termine le Ballet,' writes Monsieur Anatoli; the design of the tableau, however, we could not penetrate, as the mortals left behind appeared completely at a loss during the few intervening seconds between the departure of Diana and the fall of the curtain.

We feel disposed to award every praise to the present production, as a light, pastoral divertissement of one act; but when an entirely new ballet is announced, 'with new dresses, scenery and decorations,' and when it is considered that we have had nothing new in this department since the revival of 'Les Pages du Duc de Vendôme,' in April last, we conceive we had a right to expect *quelque chose de mieux*. With regard to the solitary scene of a forest, the back-ground is of such a *red-antique* character, as to stamp it any thing but the production of the present, or even of the last season. The dresses are principally muslin, many of which we can call to our recollection in 'Phyllis et Melibée,' and which are no doubt indebted for their present *franchise*,

more to the *blanchisseuse*, than to the *marchand d'Indiennes*. There is a tolerable display of a fairy palace, with a substantial carpenter's ladder peeping through the clouds to assist the sylphs in their aerial ascent. The ballet has one great merit; it is not overcharged with dancing. A *Pas de deux* between Daumont and Mademoiselle Brocard, who appeared but indifferently recovered from her recent indisposition; a grand *pas* between Madame Anatoli and Gosselin, and a *Pas de Trois* of the three Graces, constitute, with the exception of the *morceaux d'ensemble*, the whole of the saltatorian display in the piece.

The music is stated to be by Mr. Wade. It is of that extensive class, which, without presenting any objectionable matter, leaves but little impression after the performance. The ballet was preceded by an overture *à la chasse*, but generally, sufficient employment, particularly considering the subject, was not given to the wind instruments. Brocard danced to a movement which, original or not, was pleasing and apposite.

The ballet, on the whole, was complacently received, not without a few hisses, levelled more, we suspect, at the insignificance of the production, as the last effort of the season, than against the trifle itself.

Saturday.

Signor Velluti's present engagement, like that which introduced him to a British audience in 1825, commenced at so late a period of the season, that we consider him perfectly justified in reversing the general order of theatrical affairs, by making his first appearance on his own benefit. The opera chosen on Thursday for that occasion was Meyerbeer's 'Il Crociato in Egitto,' and which was repeated this evening. The choice was judicious, as the composition is greatly indebted for the favour which it at present enjoys, to the masterly manner in which the music was originally got up under the direction of Velluti. We have already availed ourselves of a former occasion to say a few words on the merits of this opera. On its revival in the month of March, to introduce Madame Pasta, in Armand, we did full justice to the masterly and effective score, although boasting but a moderate share of originality. Our remarks on the novel personal feature of that performance were fully borne out by the circumstance of the Opera being withdrawn immediately after the third representation. We conceived Madame Pasta to have been as ill-advised in then usurping the part of Velluti, as, on the present occasion, we hold it not only injudicious in Mademoiselle Sontag, but also opposed to the general amiableness of her character, to deprive Madame Caradori of the part of Palmide, which, since the first production of the opera, she has so often and so ably sustained. On such occasions, comparisons are not to be avoided, and we feel great reluctance in stating our honest opinion, to which, however, first impressions may have contributed, that we consider Mademoiselle Sontag to have lost more than Madame Caradori by the result. Mademoiselle Sontag's voice is of course overwhelming in comparison with the delicate tones of the other lady, and, on the present occasion, she seemed disposed to parade it in its fullest force. The observations which we had formerly made as to the gradually diminishing harshness in its *timbre*, were considerably neutralised by an extraordinary number of *fortissimo* passages introduced unsparingly throughout the present performance; none, however, so unpleasant as the recitative, and the early portion of the duet and chorus, 'D'una madre sventurata.' Indeed, from the general execution of the part, we might venture to assume it as a recent favourite at some German theatre, where this species of forcible intonation is generally applauded to the skies. There were, of course, many exquisite passages to compensate for this drawback. The first duet with Alidino, 'Vincitore è questo petto,' was a model for sweetness; and the final bravura, assisted by Velluti, decidedly one of the most complete performances we have witnessed. Mademoiselle Sontag's dress, and immense turban, however truly Egyptian, detracted considerably from her height, and from the dignity of the character.

Signor Velluti has been sufficiently before the public to spare us any analysis of his merits or defects. On his first appearance, three years ago, he was by no means a young man, and, therefore, any imperfections are not likely to be lessened in the interval. We have still, to its fullest extent, that acid and discordant quality of voice which requires a certain familiarity with it, to be able to tolerate it; and the fact of his singing constantly out of tune, in his case, certainly not so offensively perceptible as in other vocalists, militates greatly against the exquisite taste and chasteness of style which pervade not only the melody of every air, but equally all the ornaments which he may introduce into the

part. His first words, 'Popol d'Egitto,' were given in rather a subdued tone, and produced a less unpleasant sensation upon our ear than the commencement of many other scenes. The few words preceding 'Giovinetto Cavalier' requiring, from the distance of the performer, a greater force of intonation, were far more discordant and unnatural. The trio itself produced but little effect; and an encore was not even attempted. Signor Velluti shone most particularly in the latter passages of that delicious air, 'Cara mano dell'amore,' which is now restored to us. In the *chef d'œuvre* of the opera, the duet with Curioni, 'Va già varcasti,' the contrast of his voice and his delicate and perfect execution did ample justice to the composition; and in the final bravura with Mademoiselle Sontag, the passages and variations, playing as it were around the steady march of the *Motivo*, have never been surpassed either in style or in taste, by any performance within our recollection. Signor Velluti's action appeared to us more redundant than on former occasions; on the stage he was seldom at rest. We are perfectly aware how trying the situation must be of a being with a soul breathing nothing but music, and doomed to take part in an opera supported by the ordinary assortment of singers and musicians; still we must protest against the stage being made a *conservatorio*, or Armando d'Orville being reduced, to a singing master. Signor Velluti's exertions towards the good order of the performance were incessant; the choruses, the principal personages, nay, Mademoiselle Sontag herself, had the full benefit of his assistance, to which even his prayers to heaven formed no interruption, as, with his hands clasped and his eyes turned upwards, he, nevertheless, contrived to beat time most perceptibly. With such a director, it is not to be wondered at, that, on the stage, all went off far superior to the performances in March last; even the trumpets on the battlements were in perfect tune. The chorus-singers, too, acquitted themselves most creditably; they certainly were in no want of leaders, as on most occasions they had the compound advantage of the manual motions of Signor Velluti on the stage, of M. Migliorucci at the piano forte, of Mr. Oury as the leader, and last, but not the least useful, even of the *Soubfleur*.

We feel called upon to notice most pointedly, the sins of the orchestra on the present evening. To say nothing of their being generally out at the commencement of the duet, 'Va già varcasti,' and some few other occasions, we were greeted in that beautiful quintett, 'Sogni ridenti,' with sounds from an unfortunate flute, which, for the credit of the establishment, we shall be glad to learn proceeded from some *remplacant* overpowered by the novelty of his situation: to describe them is impossible, as a penny trumpet could give but a faint idea of the quality of the sounds, which proceeded, on three different occasions, from that instrument, and which we really believed infected Curioni, as his execution of a passage in the quintett above referred to, produced a smile upon more than one countenance on the stage. The other characters presented no novelty; the place of Madame Castelli, in the insignificant part of Alma, was supplied by a promotion from the ranks of the chorus-singers.

CHORIS.

The young Russian painter, who accompanied Kotzebue in his voyage round the world, and who published a most interesting account of it, with innumerable plates, admirably designed by himself, has met with a most melancholy termination to his mortal career, while engaged in the pursuit of science. Having reached Vera Cruz, with the intent of visiting the countries least known of the American Continent, he left that place on the 21st of March last, in company with Captain Henderson, an Englishman, who had engaged in the enterprise with him. Between the *Puerto Nacional* and *Plan del Rio*, in Mexico, the travellers were attacked by four armed bandits; and Choris was killed by a ball and a sabre stroke. His companion also received a ball in his thigh, and some shot in the breast; but was enabled to escape to a neighbouring village. Choris was no less known than esteemed; and his death has caused general regret.

IL CAVALIERE ALDINI,

Of Milan, has discovered a mode of rendering linen *incombustible*. An experiment was lately made, in the presence of the Archduke Viceroy, when the firemen of the city were clad in linen thus prepared; and the success of the invention was perfect. They were exposed to, and surrounded by, flame for several minutes, without suffering the slightest injury, and even handled red-hot bars of iron with impunity.

TO CAMILLA.

Oh, Lady, if the lips of love
Should whisper dying sweets to thee,
Fill, like a dream of bliss above,
Earth seem an immortality—
Beware of change and pray for truth,
Lest joy be blighted into ruth,
For love deceived will wither youth.

Then, farewell all thy spirit's lightness,
Ethereal smiles will fade in tears,
And eyes of deep and melting brightness
Grow dim with dread of coming years:
The soul of mirth will then be dumb,
And all thy loveliness become
A memory—and to look upon.

Would I were joyous as thou art,
Then might I proffer love to thee;
But I am grown too old in heart,
And gloomy thoughts now dwell with me:
Far from the loud world's raving prowl
I live, nor seek its smile or scowl—
With no companion but an owl.

A grave, hoar, melancholy thing,
Aged in looks beyond his years,
With silver beard and solemn wing,
And coaly eye that blinks and glares:
Silent, in hermit weeds bedight,
All day he sits, but fierce for flight,
Shouts to the spirits of the night!

'We two' thus live in brotherhood,
No quarrel e'er disturbs the house;
For I can read, or write, or brood,
While he at leisure picks his mouse:
You'll say, dear Cam,—I guess each word—
This may be well for man and bird,
But who the dence would make—a third?

Some ink, some paper, and some books,
Besides a 'rather old' guitar,
With quills from wings of geese and rooks,
My worldly chattels solely are:
But idleness is like the stich;
'Tis so much labour to grow rich,
I'd almost sooner woo a witch!

Yet by thy lips, and those fond eyes,
And dawning fair voluptuous tresses,—
By every languid smile that lies
Deep as a dream of sweet caresses—
I would that sunnier years to me
Could back return, for then might we
Even hope into reality.

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Mon. 14	70° 60°	29. 08	S.W. W.	Showers	Cum.	
Tues. 15	71° 62°	29. 06	S.W. S.W.	Shr. a.m.	Cirrostr.	
Wed. 16	62° 66°	29. 36	S.E. N.W.	Fair Cl.	Ditto.	
Thurs. 17	67° 64°	29. 33	S. S.W.	Ditto.	Cum.	
Frid. 18	67° 67°	29. 25	S.W. S.W.	Showers	Ditto.	
Satur. 19	67° 65°	29. 12	Ditto.	Fair Cl.	Ditto.	
Sun. 20	63° 63°	29. 09	E. S.W.	M. Rain.	Cum.	

Nights fair, except on Monday. Mornings fair on Monday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Thunder on Tuesday and Sunday.

Highest temperature at noon, 75° 4. S. a.s.p. shade.

Astronomical Observations.

The Sun and Saturn in conjunction on Wednesday at 3h. The Moon and Jupiter in ditto on Sunday at 8h. Venus's geocentric long. on Sunday, at 9° 41' in Leo. Mer's 43° 4' in Capricorn. Jupiter's ditto ditto 5° 1' in Scorpio. Sun's ditto ditto 27° 39' in Cancer. Length of day on Sunday, 15 h. 56 min. Day decreased, at Sun's hor. motion on ditto 2' 23" plus. Logarithmic mean of distance, .006958.

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